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VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

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420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

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FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7

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PENN

COVER: Night look now—bright jade satin jacket . . . wide collar tied with a bow, filled here with big bogus pearls nestling in a bower of tiny glittering leaves. The evening glow of lipstick: Liquessence by Dorothy Gray—Opal slicked over Scarcely Pink. Jacket by Emily Wetherby, of silk-faced satin (Jeri fabric). Necklace by Schreiner. Both at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. The coiffure by Kenneth.

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Vol. 146, No. 7, Whole No. 2147

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VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOULDER, COLORADO 80312. GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

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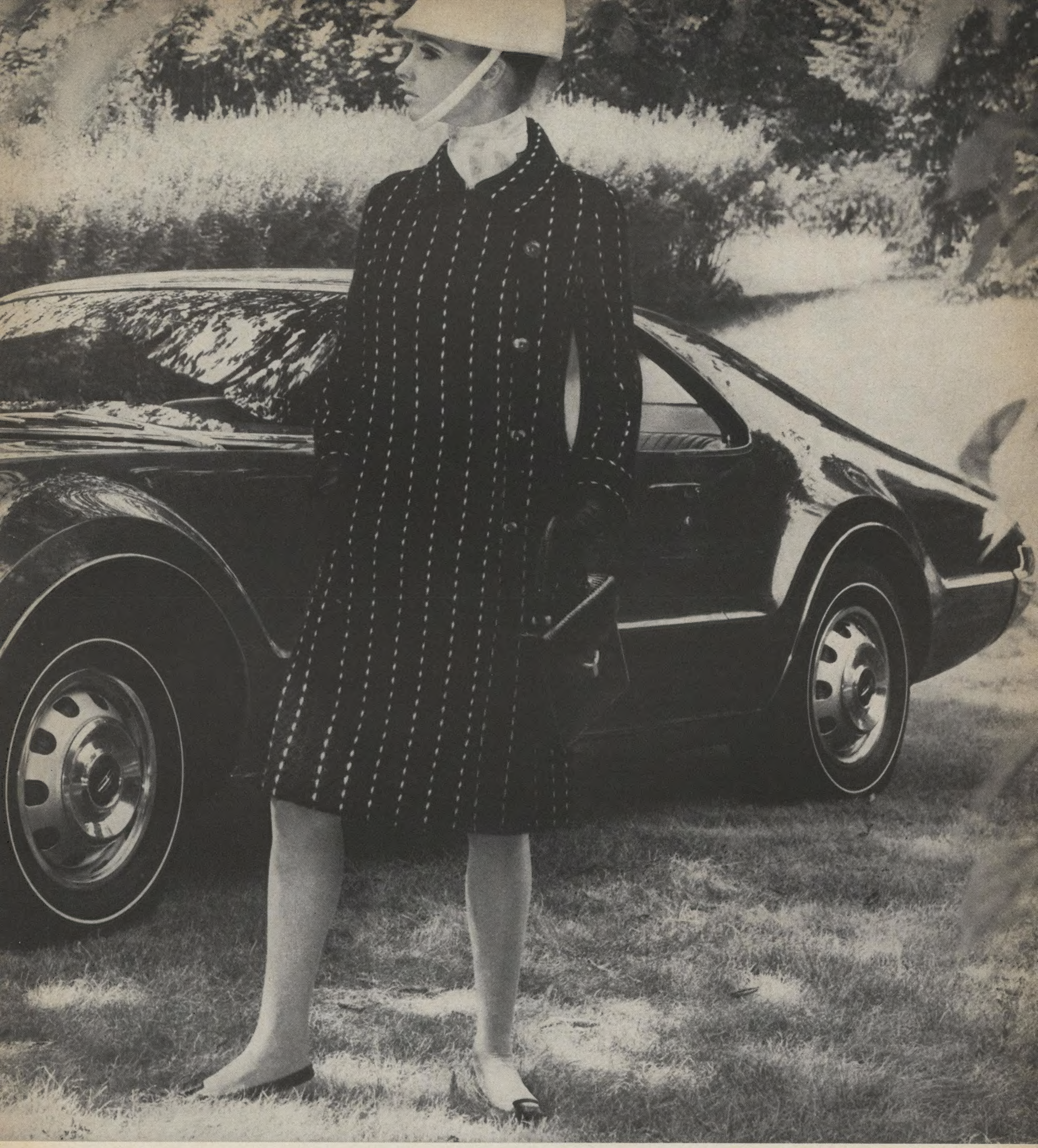
this Fall
At Bonwit Sees It:
the evening ensemble
in silk and wool
by Harvey Berin...
the dress with crystal
beaded overblouse,
the coat lined.
Ours alone, pink.
lemon, white, 455.
Designer Salon
All stores

BONWIT
TELLER



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VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



Sophisticated simplicity—in the sleek exterior and spacious flat-floored interior of the six-passenger Oldsmobile Toronado...and in our own Sophie's close-moulded coat of beige wool ottoman, tiny-waisted and flared of skirt. The coat, $375.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



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Elegantly distinguished—the pure, architectural contours of Toronado by Oldsmobile, and the superb shaping of our hunter red wool evening coat with a fly-front and floating panel descending over the demi-fitted back. The coat, $475.

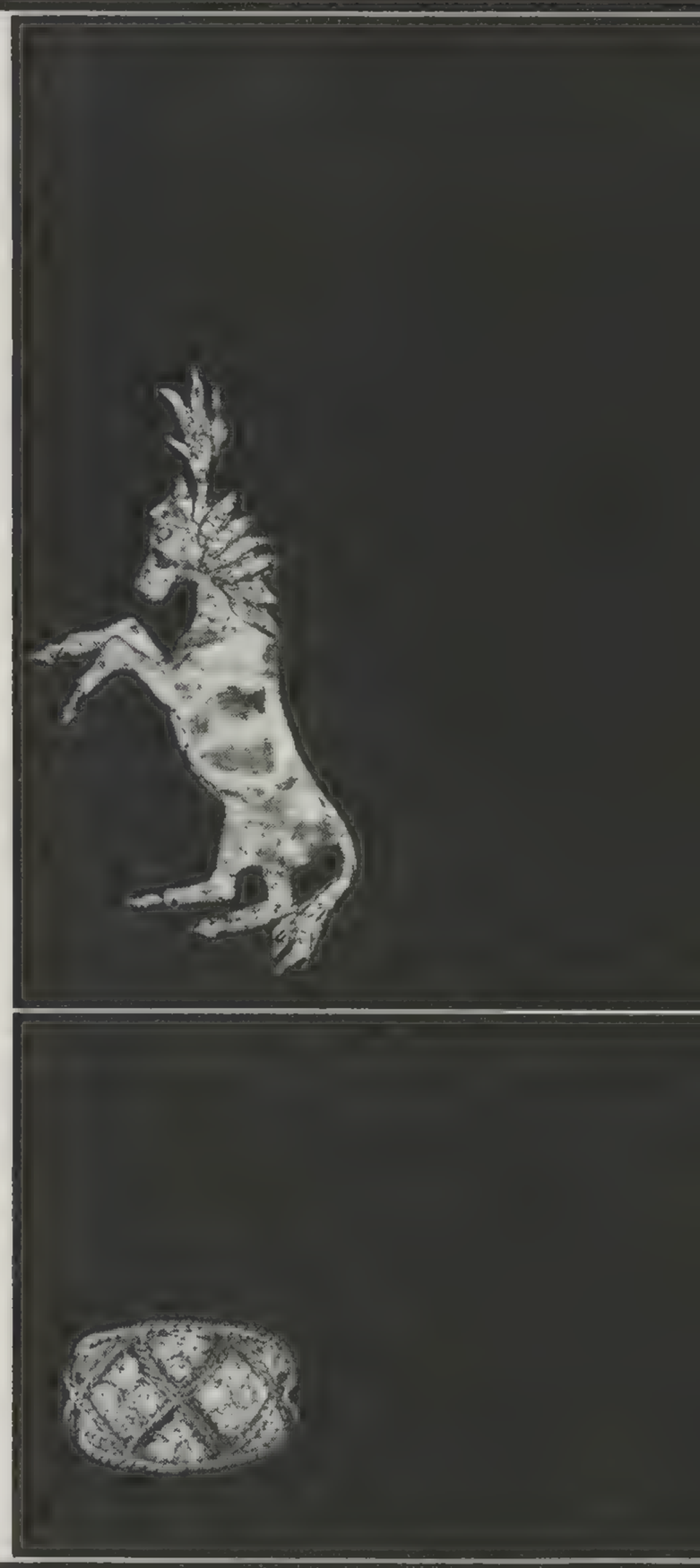
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



Masterpieces of craftsmanship—the quiet-driving, smooth-performing Toronado by Oldsmobile, and our flawlessly tailored flare-skirted mauve wool coat, collared in opulent white mink and buttoned with twinkling fantasy jewels. The coat, $425.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Bracelet, about $5350



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A carefully chosen diamond jewel is a woman's most distinguishing accessory,
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Hat by Adolfo Photo by Robert Randall

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moisturizing · absolutely non-greasy

NEW COTY **CREMESTICK**

the new 'moisture-cream' lipstick—for lips so luscious you can see how they feel

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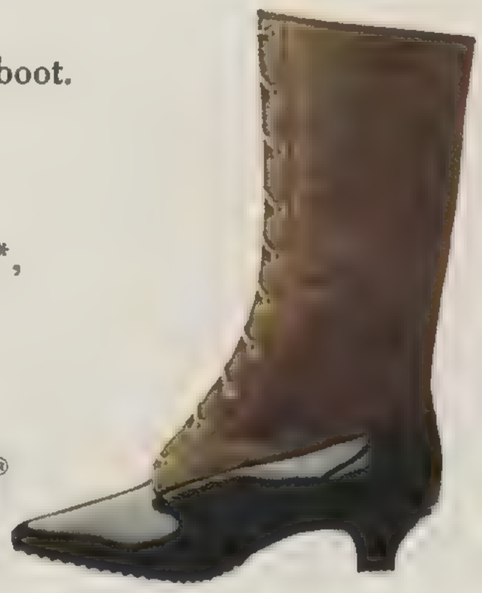
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This laced boot does delightful things
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And it's created of practical,
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La Piuma boot in shining and napped CORFAM®



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Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

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†Slightly higher on West Coast. For additional stores see page 28. Not all robes at all stores.

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

Arnel fleece creates THE Age of Elegance

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CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Encounter with Jean Shrimpton

By Polly Devlin

I'd often seen her drifting along the corridors abstractedly, looking as though she slept in cathedral pews and sucked aubergines for sustenance. One time when she was looking particularly ethereal I heard her saying to herself in a high clear voice, with country undertones and acquired Cockney overtones, "—! I'm a silly bitch."

Her gawky radiant schizo face is always spliced by a smile or a moue and every eye that looks on her becomes a camera recording the seemingly irrecoverable shades of expression of a face which has never learnt to be static. Each expression is of course recoverable, renewable, and she can summon each spontaneous look at will, make it appear as if she had had just this instant thought of it.

She has an extraordinary fragility and delicacy of body—the narrowness of her limbs and torso are a cause for exclamation—and she is a tough twenty-two year old with a lot of common sense and a basic earthiness culled from the accumulations of a happy childhood on her parents' farm in Buckinghamshire. She is a walking piece of public property; yet she laughs at herself, and it's to her credit that although the contours of her face and body have been traced and charted innumerable times in photographs, when one sees her in real life she becomes an object for new curiosity—the camera has never recorded the distortion of feature in her pushed-up face or the seven league legs in an electricity of movement.

I mounted five flights of stairs to the studio and pushed the door tentatively because I could hear David Bailey shouting above the very loud music. She was facing the door laughing, in jeans and a shirt, her hand on her hips, one foot curled upwards, her hair rising in the wind from a fan. She struck me between the eyes. I spat with jealousy and sat down. Bailey crouched over his camera said resignedly, "Well, you can just keep quiet till I've finished."

The shooting was a noisy affair. "Good, darling, don't move, good angel, good, hand behind hair, good honey, that's good."

They finished, and we all piled into Jean's Mini with much girlish laughter and boyish curses. She climbed out again, left her small squat handbag in the middle of the road and began to push all her bags into the boot of her car. A car came up the street. The driver's eyes were rivetted on the bag as if it were a snake and he maneuvered his car delicately around it. David hooted the horn and shouted loudly and rudely at her to hurry. She refused to be flustered, took her time, climbed into the car and placed her long bare feet on the pedals.

"Which way?" she said vaguely looking at the cars hemming her in.

"I'll drive," said Bailey lunging towards the steering wheel.

"Oh no you won't," she said and smartly pulled the car out in front of another car up till then minding its own business. The driver began to gesticulate furiously. She smiled at him. He began to simper. "Look," Bailey screamed, noticing his reaction. "Yes! it's Shrimpton the most beautiful girl in the world." He wound down the window shouting. Jean went red with laughter, said "Shut up." He continued to shout, she closed her eyes in mock horror; the car mounted the pavement. "Stop it" she said "this minute. Polly is trying to interview me."

"Oh, she is, is she," Bailey said and turned the car radio to top volume reducing Jean to silence, me to implacable hostility.

Bailey switched the radio off and I said, "What do you look for in a man um, what attracts you to a man?" The question hung in the air and we all giggled except Bailey who snorted.

"That's easy" she said with relief. "It's what I like about girls that's hard to answer. . . . It's difficult enough though—about men—now that I start to tell you. Well, I must fancy them. I go for tall dark people."

She swung her car to the right across another car's bows; the left indicator bleeped sadly. Bailey screamed "Look out"—then to the man in the car, "Yes, it *is* her, the most beautiful girl in the world." He got excited by this and hung out of the window shouting it. This got a satisfying response from the people on the pavement who ran over and shouted "Look! Bailey and Shrimpton." Bailey basked and Shrimpton accelerated.

"I like modern men," she said. I wrote it down. "It's terribly difficult to analyse, isn't it? I mean what one likes in a man. Obviously I must respect my men, I like them to dominate me to a certain extent."

Bailey took the steering wheel out of her hand and put the car into an unrehearsed U-turn. She turned her hands upwards in her lap and Bailey noticing this let go of the wheel suddenly. She caught it in time.

"Eventually I want to get married. I like the idea of marriage and I'd like to have children, but the thought of it terrifies me at the moment. I'm talking about marriage in the abstract now. Bringing it to things like walking up the aisle or down the registry office or whatever you do terrifies me. But I've got plenty of time."

Bailey said darkly "You've been looking a bit haggard lately. I wouldn't be too sure."

We pulled up at a parking meter and Bailey leaped out, scuttled across the street. She climbed out, draped herself in clothes sent out of the building opposite. People stopped and stared.

"I don't like being a public figure, and I don't like being stared at. I've just been terribly lucky. I do work hard and I am professional but I didn't have to work hard at being a success.

(Continued on page 73)



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Amy Adams

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Watch pink slink into the limelight again. Pink on the brink. Pink bordering on a blush. And softer than a bunny's ear. The pink of a Martex **Luxor®** towel. Loop upon loop of Luxor lazing on your skin. Lofty pink terry thirsting at every pore. What's that madam? Your sink hates pink? Then pinkadinkadew in 31 other Luxor colors.

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Virginia Thoren-Rice

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Nice girls do  *wear Chantilly*

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AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS

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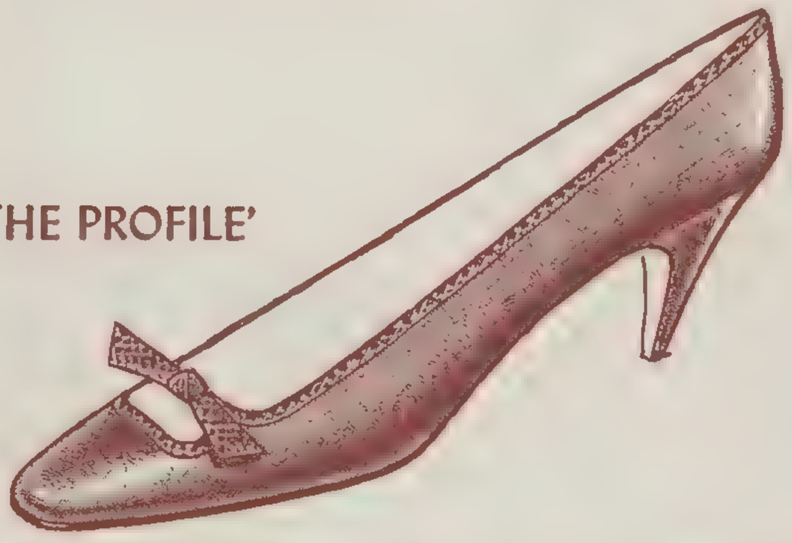
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'THE DRESSMAKER'

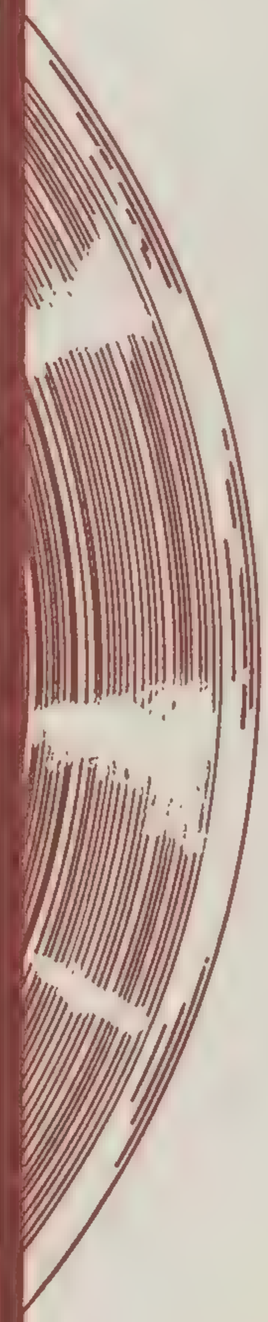


A tailored classic pump with contrast stitching on collar and bow, mellowed calf in fall's most favored colors. $32.

'THE PROFILE'



A beautifully sculptured cut-out pump in shades of calf with snake collar and bow. $34.



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separate hues that fuse as one...on your face.





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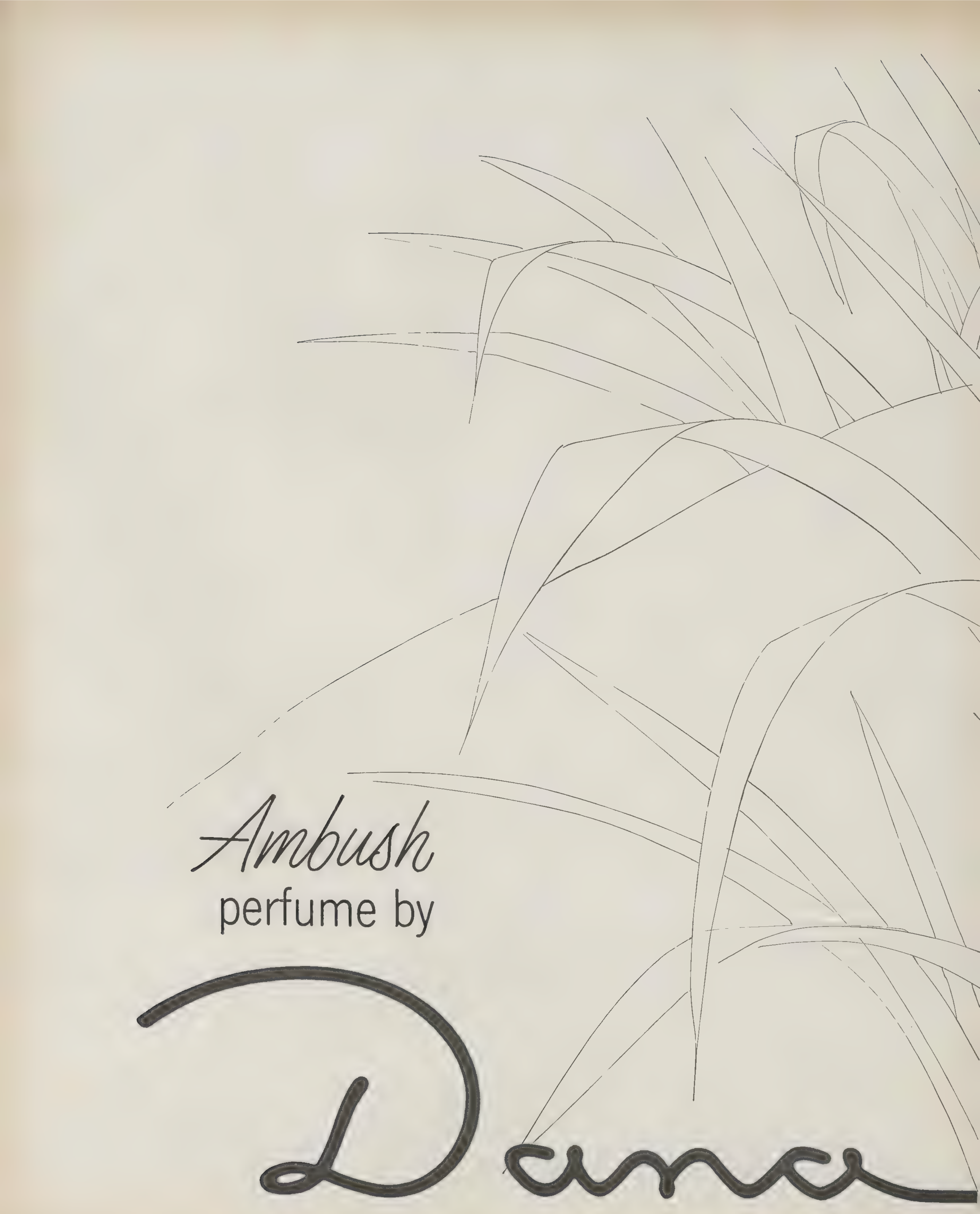
New Makeup to Contour With. For a beautiful change, give your face a new figure (like the models do). Use Glissando Contouring Makeup to re-shape, re-make your face. "Sculpture" a marvelous mobility, a new-boned look. Fade in your best features, fade out the rest with an interplay of light and shadow. Nothing to wear? Try a new face!

Glissando Contouring Makeup blends your own basic skin tone with Highlighter and Shadower on your face (with a natural silk sponge). Glissando Contouring Dust-On brush-tints your skin with dual shades of blushing powder. And for an irresistible overglow, brush on Glissando Face Lights for subtle daytime shimmer or sponge it on for dramatic evening radiance. Only at fine drug and department stores.

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Model also wears Glissando Illuminated Lipstick Red #4; Glissando Eye Color Stick Blue #3.


Ambush
perfume by
Dana


Ambush
Dana
Eugen Karlin



KAYSER IS MARVELOUS IN BED

French tulip lace peignoir in Enka nylon tricot with puff sleeves, caught at the low neckline in two satin bows. Matching shift gown bordered in lace at the top and bottom. Beautiful colors include tangerine, happy blue or white with beige lace; spring coral, caribe blue with white lace; or black with black lace. Sizes Small, Medium, Large. $25. Shift gown only, $12. Kayser Lingerie available in Canada. Another fine product of Kayser-Roth, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

In Tucson, Arizona, "the frontier lives on"

By Inez Robb

We came, my husband and I, as refugees from the snow and ice of New York for a seven-day, mid-winter visit with Tucson friends.

At the end of that seventh day, we owned a house, a mesquite tree, a saguaro, an assortment of prickly pears, and a view of the Santa Catalina Mountains that still contracts my heart with joy every time I look upon their soaring granite peaks.

Impulse buying, indeed, but we have never changed our minds about this big, wonderful cow town with one foot on the frontier and the other in the future, the whole surrounded by a state of superb beauty and variety, with people to match.

But what really mesmerized us, on our first visit, was a local radio newscast during which the weatherman announced—in a tone that implied it happened all the time—that the day's humidity had averaged "seven per cent."

Seven per cent!

The next morning we were sitting on the stoop of a real estate dealer when he opened up. Twenty-four hours later we were standing at a drugstore counter asking for cold cream that would keep our skin from ravelling away. "Nivea," said a girl with a skin like a peach. We use about a gallon of it per season.

Now, five winters and five gallons of Nivea later (so far, we are winter residents only, but . . .) our affair with Tucson has only intensified. We love its amiable way of life. And we live in joyous intimacies with the glories of its landscape and its sunshine.

If the picture window was not invented in Tucson, it should have been. Tucson sits in the middle of a sun-flooded desert valley rising 2,400 feet above sea level. Cacti in almost endless variety crowd up to its door.

The desert leads the eye away from the city to the four great mountain ranges that frame it in grandeur; the towering Santa Catalinas on the north, the Rincons on the east, the Santa Ritas on the south and, on the west, the Tucsons whose cooperation with the sun produces such spectacular sunsets.

In winter this combination of desert and peaks makes it possible to spend a morning on a Tucson golf course or tennis court, then leap in a car and drive up the Catalinas' Mount Lemmon—sixty minutes away and 9,185 feet up—for an afternoon on superb ski slopes, and be home in time for dinner.

Like many other communities in the Southwest, Tucson since World War II has been inundated by the nation's second great westward migration. It has zoomed the city's population from 45,000 in 1950 to today's 300,000. In 1900, an unimproved acre (there wasn't any other kind) in the now fashionable Catalina Foothills area sold for $10. In 1945 it could be had for $280 ($1,750 improved). Today, an unimproved acre brings $2,000 and an improved acre at least twice as much.

Tucson, like many other areas of the Southwest, has lived under four flags: Spanish, Mexican, Confederate, and United States. If only the Indians had developed flags, she would have lived under another dozen or so, including that rare tribe known as the Cleveland Indians. (Continued on page 67)



...AND OUT!

More French lace, now on the lightest little Wisp-on nothings of Lycra® spandex and nylon. Tangerine, naturelle, white, black. Bra in 32-36 A, 32-36 B, 34-36 C. $5. Pantie girdle in Small, Medium, Large. $7. Available in Canada, too. KAYSER

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A selective product of the GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION, producers of natural dark ranch mink.

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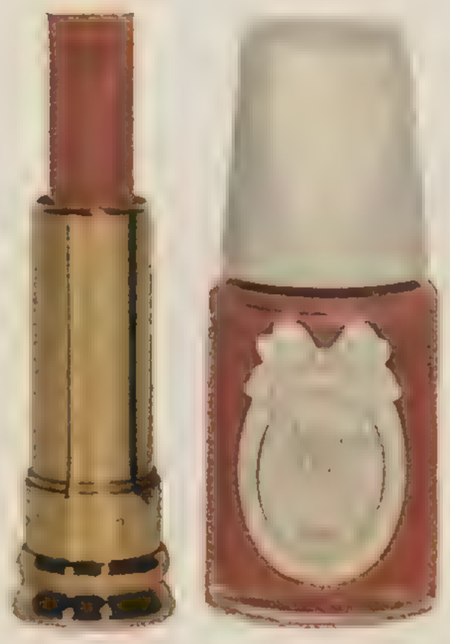


In any event, Dior can dress your lips and fingertips...

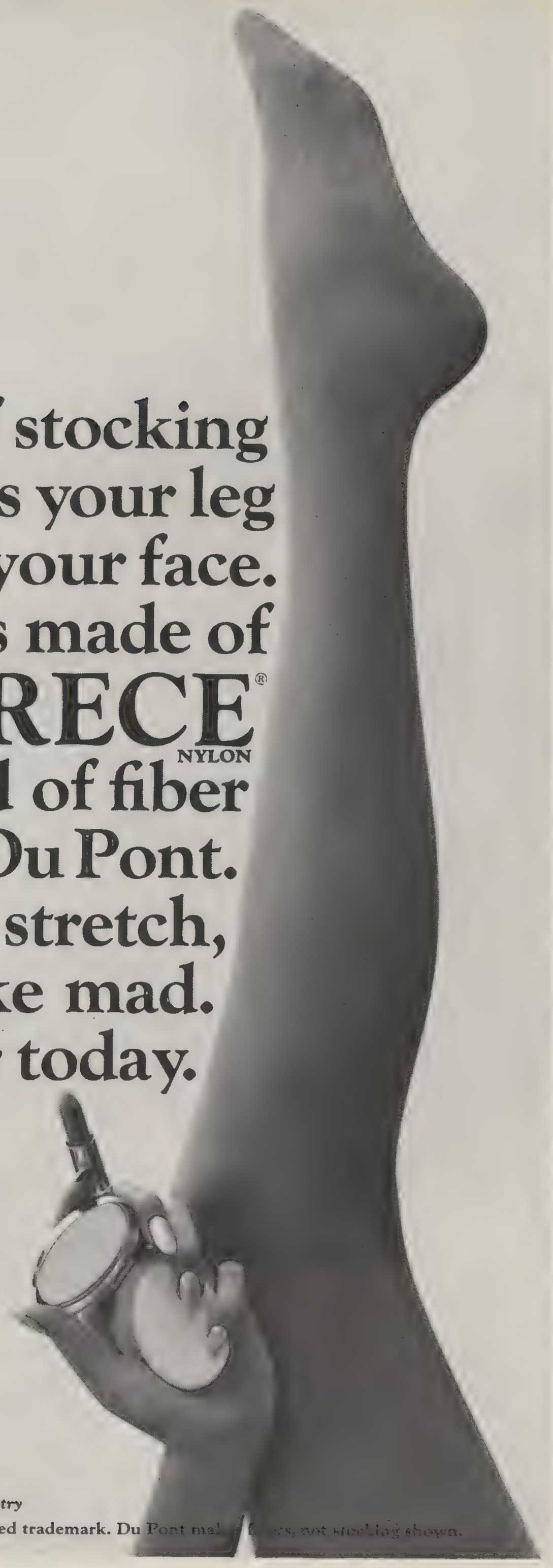
Now...bring high-fashion color to your lips, your fingertips, with flattering Lipstick and Nail Enamel from the House of Dior, in Paris. Each creamy, luminous Christian Dior lipstick harmonizes perfectly with a chip-resistant Dior Nail Enamel. An entire French palette of glamorous colors, from shimmering frosted shades to wondrous couture-inspired true tones.

Created and made in France...and *so very Dior.*

Christian Dior



A new kind of stocking that fits your leg like make-up fits your face. It's made of CANTRECE® NYLON —the new kind of fiber from Du Pont. Fits like stretch, flatters like mad. Try a pair today.



DU PONT

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FRENCH CLUTCH $7.50

Rolfs gets carried away—always.

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That's why a rose blossoms on ROLFS 'Full Bloom'
French Clutch. Handcrafted in Pearl Finished
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You'll love both. Inside you'll find places to keep
most everything. 'Full Bloom' is a member
of a fine setmaker family—made by the
people who love to see a nice match.
(Available in Canada.)

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West Bend, Wisconsin.
Also creators of fine Amity Leather Accessories.



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Winter eyes



the big, sheltered shape of Renauld's Couturier sunglasses





The perfect foil for the fragile look—outsized sunglasses in the shapes and shades of winter. Wear them from ski lodge to seashore, boulevard to bistro—they're so beautiful they don't even need the sun as an excuse to be worn. And Renauld's exclusive Orama IV lenses make them optically perfect, too! Choose the wide-eyed and innocent Angelique (above), the daredevil Diabolique (far left), or the provocative Mystique (left). All in a brilliant collection of winter-keyed frame and lens colors. Handcrafted frames—in solid tones, or the new opalescent effect of color layered on color. All styles $12.95 including Couturier case.

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Lipstick colors go beyond the pale!
Hers is Pink Brilliants.

Jewelry by David Webb

Where has it been all your life—this marvel of a lipstick that gives color such extra added appeal. That lets your lips live on a steady diet of rich cream. That glides on effortlessly, but never slides off. Where has it been?

Only now has it been possible to combine lip color and lip-gloss into one super stick—SUPER-RICH LIPSTICK. You'll find yourself peeping in mirrors to prove it's for real! It is!

4 NEW GEMS FROM A WHOLE VAULT-FULL OF SUPER-RICH SHADES.

Gilded Peach

Rose Royce

Pink Brilliants

Melted Rubies



Available at your favorite cosmetic counter.

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Super-Rich Lipstick by Helena Rubinstein®



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Linings Sanitized® treated for hygienic freshness.

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Go Gernreich
Go innocent
in THE BAND

It's not quite a bra, it's a rounder.
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darted in where you dart out so you're
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flattened. Hook up the front. Wear your
back low. The band won't
back up on you. On with the baby dresses
or smocks or anything strapless.
Rudi Gernreich shapes you young enough to dare them.
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The BAND in white with nude only—small, medium, large—$4.

Rudi makes more noise than The Band.
Collect Gernreichs. All of them. Be in Exquisite Form.

Exquisite Form®
BRASSIERES

The Celanese Paris Couture Collection est arrivée

From the Paris originals shown here, faithful copies created for you in sumptuous fabrics with Celanese Acetate.

Left: Guy La Roche white patterned brocade cocktail coat nicked with black patent leather, over a black crepe dress. Recreated in brocade of *Celanese Acetate, cotton and nylon. Crepe of Celanese Acetate and rayon.* 8-16. About $250.

Center: Christian Dior originates a new look for after five; black matelasse tailored in a tunic coat, over a bare-top dress of matching fabric. Reproduced in matelasse of *Celanese Acetate and rayon.* 8-16. About $250.

Right: Christian Dior reflects Oriental splendor in a two-piece costume of pink and gold brocade. Adapted in Couleur's brocade of *Celanese Acetate, cotton, mylar and nylon.* 8-16. About $200.

Available at Miss Bergdorf, New York; Blum's Vogue, Chicago; Julius Garfinckel, Washington; I. Magnin, West Coast; Montaldo's, all stores.

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Acetate . . . a *Celanese* contemporary fiber





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the romantic fragrance...

Love it this new way...L'Air du Temps

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PARIS

Dawn of a new day in spray...the Airomatique! An original Lalique flacon with a very special atomizer, created in Paris by Marcel Franck. Just a touch of your finger releases a fine mist of L'Air du Temps Eau de Toilette. It's all fragrance. And all in all the most beautiful addition to your boudoir since sprays were first invented. Easily refilled, leak-proof and spill-proof. **Eau de Toilette 2½ ozs., $6.50**
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VOGUE'S

The children's party of the year, in Newport, for Nonie Drexel

Kate Greenaway peppered with Mary Poppins . . . this marvellous party given by Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, III, in their Newport garden, for their daughter Nonie, a four-year-old enchantress, all eyes and shining, ribboned hair. Behind an ordinary garden gate, fifty small guests tumbled into a kingdom of surprises: an organ grinder and his cymbal-playing monkey; a cartwheeling clown; a Punch and Judy show; ponies, donkey-drawn carts, a merry-go-round (all, tuned up from the Drexel's earlier party that day for children from the Newport Children's Home). Then came supper on the terrace, a cheer of circus pink and red, and polka-dot balloons, then a grab bag of presents. Watching, helping, were the children's "special" grown-ups, including Newport's Father J. Joseph Cooney,



1



2



3



4

NOTEBOOK

the mothers, the sunburned lifeguard from the beach, the granny brigade, and the nanny brigade which, as the afternoon ended, scooped up charges and had the last word: "We came so fresh and pretty, and we're going home all dirty. But you can see we've had a good time. This is *our* party of the year."

1. The carousel. 2. Nonie Drexel; Father J. Joseph Cooney. 3. Beau Ryan; Mrs. John Barry Ryan, III; Drew Ryan. 4. Watching the Punch and Judy show. 5. Messmore Kendall, III; Alexandra Kendall; Cornelia Guest with her nanny, Miss Bay. 6. Mr. John R. Drexel, III, and his nephew, John Brown. 7. In the donkey cart, Marimée O'Donnell; Nonie Drexel; Serena Reed. 8. Supper on the terrace.

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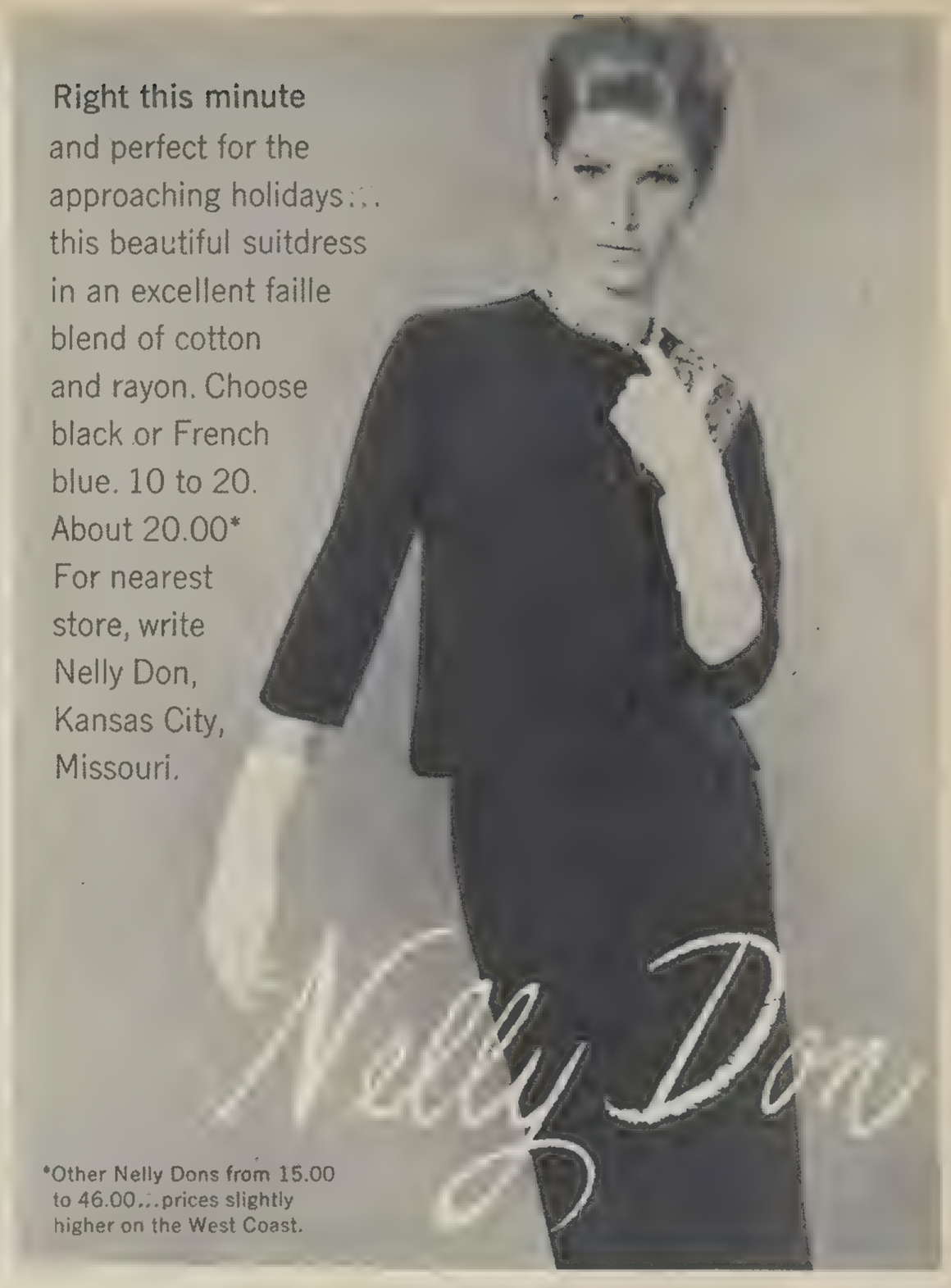


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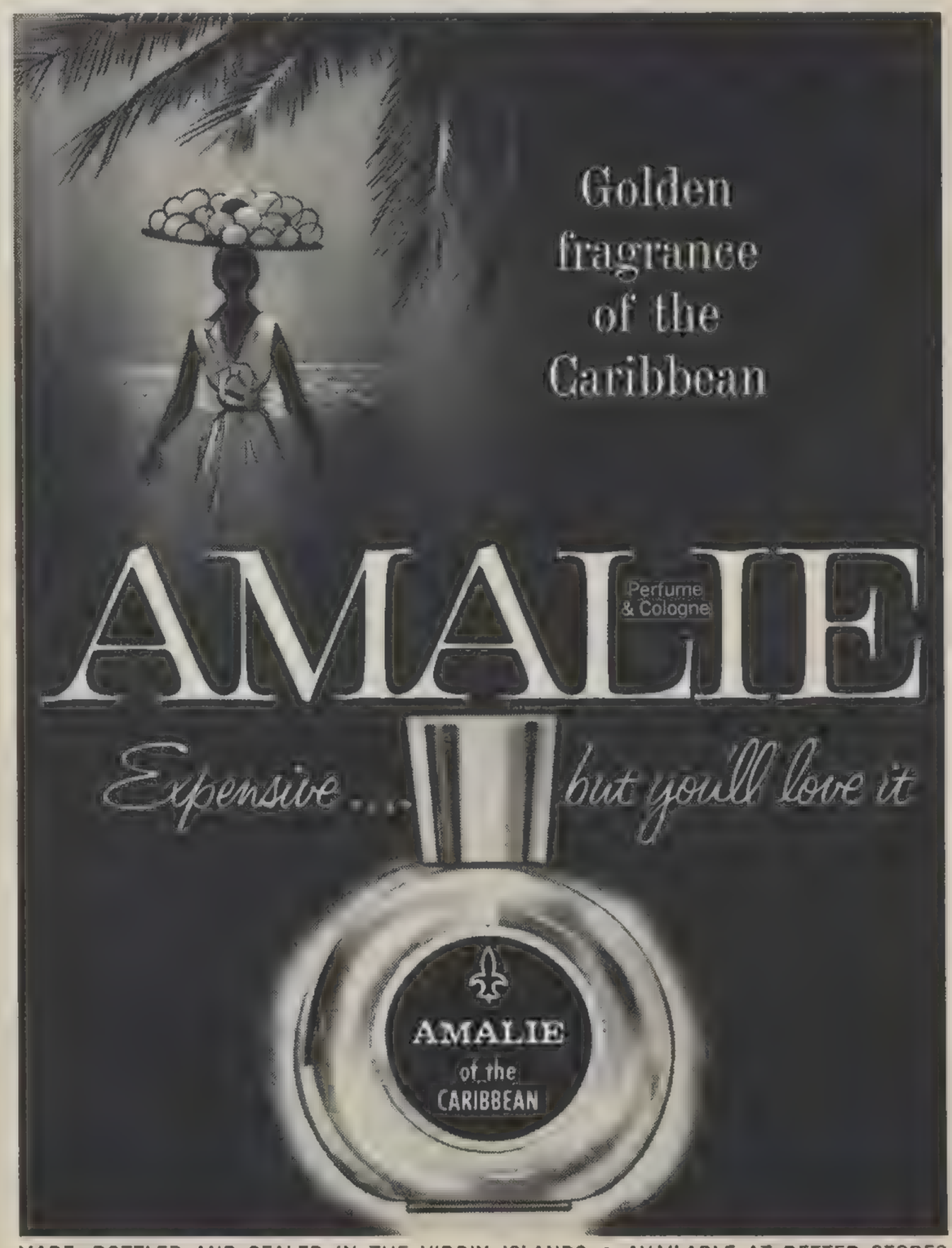


8

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*Other Nelly Dons from 15.00 to 46.00... prices slightly higher on the West Coast.



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*Slightly higher Far West



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: MOVIES

By Ralph Blum

You Must Be Joking!

"black-and-white humour"

Motion picture producers seem to have found a new game called "Let's Make a Film About Five Soldiers." Example: the initiative test. Plot a scavenger hunt in London and environs. Give the men forty-eight hours to find: a Rolls-Royce figurehead, a rare rose, an electric rabbit from a dog-race track, a flight of plaster ducks, a pop singer's forelock, and one last surprise item. Get scenarist Alan Hackney and director Michael Winner to organize the mayhem. Vary the *Tom Jones* madcap style of cutting and stop-shot. Hire a quiver of lovelies, and toss in Michael Callan (who can act in spite of *Cat Ballou*) as the lone American. The result is *You Must Be Joking*, a hilariously funny film done in black-and-white humour with a refreshing upper-class bias.

The Hill.

"emotional trompe l'oeil"

The same game may also be played in deadly earnest, as it is in the movie directed by Sidney Lumet from Ray Rigby's script, *The Hill.* These five soldiers are convicts in a British military stockade during the North African campaign of World War II. At the centre of the compound stands a hill of sand, a thirty-five-foot-high mound constructed on a sixty-degree angle. Under full packs and a blazing sun, prisoners are run up and down the hill by the noncom gaolers. The exercise, devised by Sergeant Major Wilson, is intended to break men's wills so they may be remoulded into good soldiers. Wilson is no sadist; to him, the *Book of King's Regulations* is the Bible, and the hill is disciplinary scripture. Then, the senseless brutality of one of Wilson's men causes a prisoner's death, and there follows a confrontation between Wilson and Joe Roberts, a broken Warrant Officer. Roberts, too, is regular army and believes in the *Book.* Author's message: the *Book* itself is inhuman and out of date. Despite this appalling vision of military justice, after forty minutes I became restless and never regained my sense of involvement. *The Hill*'s failures are significant and serious, and they arise from its excellences.

One fault is purely technical—an auditory fallacy. In too many places the sound track is muddy and inaudible; we must assume that the effect is intentional. But dialect shredded through the military larynx is hard enough on American ears; the willful slurring of the track makes the dialogue nearly unintelligible.

The film is beautifully acted. Sir Michael Redgrave portrays a cowardly Medical Officer with control and hesitation. Harry Andrews is right as the stockade's fierce Gauleiter. And Sean Connery, as the moustached regular, Joe Roberts, gives a performance fine enough to make us forget that, in real life, he is actually James Bond. Connery may well be another of those stars who, like Elizabeth Taylor, are as good as their directors. Lumet is one of the best. But, expert as he is with his stars, he has handled his subject without subtlety or taste, and everyone's expertise goes for nought. Even the hill becomes trivial, symbol of little else than a variety of brutality. Yet, given the breadth of cultural snobbism current in this country today, *The Hill* may convince audiences that they have experienced "something important." If critical judgment can be suspended, futile but expert films like this one will satisfy by providing us with something new—the emotional trompe l'oeil.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

THEATRE

By Henry Popkin

In London: The Berliner Ensemble, "better with 'low' Brecht"

Nine years after the death of its founder, Bertolt Brecht, the Berliner Ensemble of East Berlin has revisited London and smartly reversed an anti-Brecht tendency that had been gaining headway. One critic, reviewing a local production of Brecht's *Puntila* a few weeks before, had written "Goodbye, Bertolt, you bum," and then contrived to be on holiday when the Ensemble arrived.

The Ensemble's virtuosity is to create unforgettable, economical, meaningful moments on the stage. In *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui,* the Hitler-character stands poised in a high platform, ready to speak, when the Goebbels-character rushes, superfluously but significantly, up a long ladder to stand beside him momentarily, shouts "Ui speaks!" and rushes down again. In *Coriolanus,* the Romans and the Volscians fight elaborately stylized battles; attackers tumble from the walls of Corioli, a later wave of attackers moves forward like a giant tortoise only to be trapped in the enemy's nets, and the tide turns only when the two commanders join in a pas de deux of mortal combat. In *The Little Mahagonny* a glutton dies just as he is attacking one more fatted calf; rigor mortis sets in at once, and he is carried off wearing his frozen gourmand's grin.

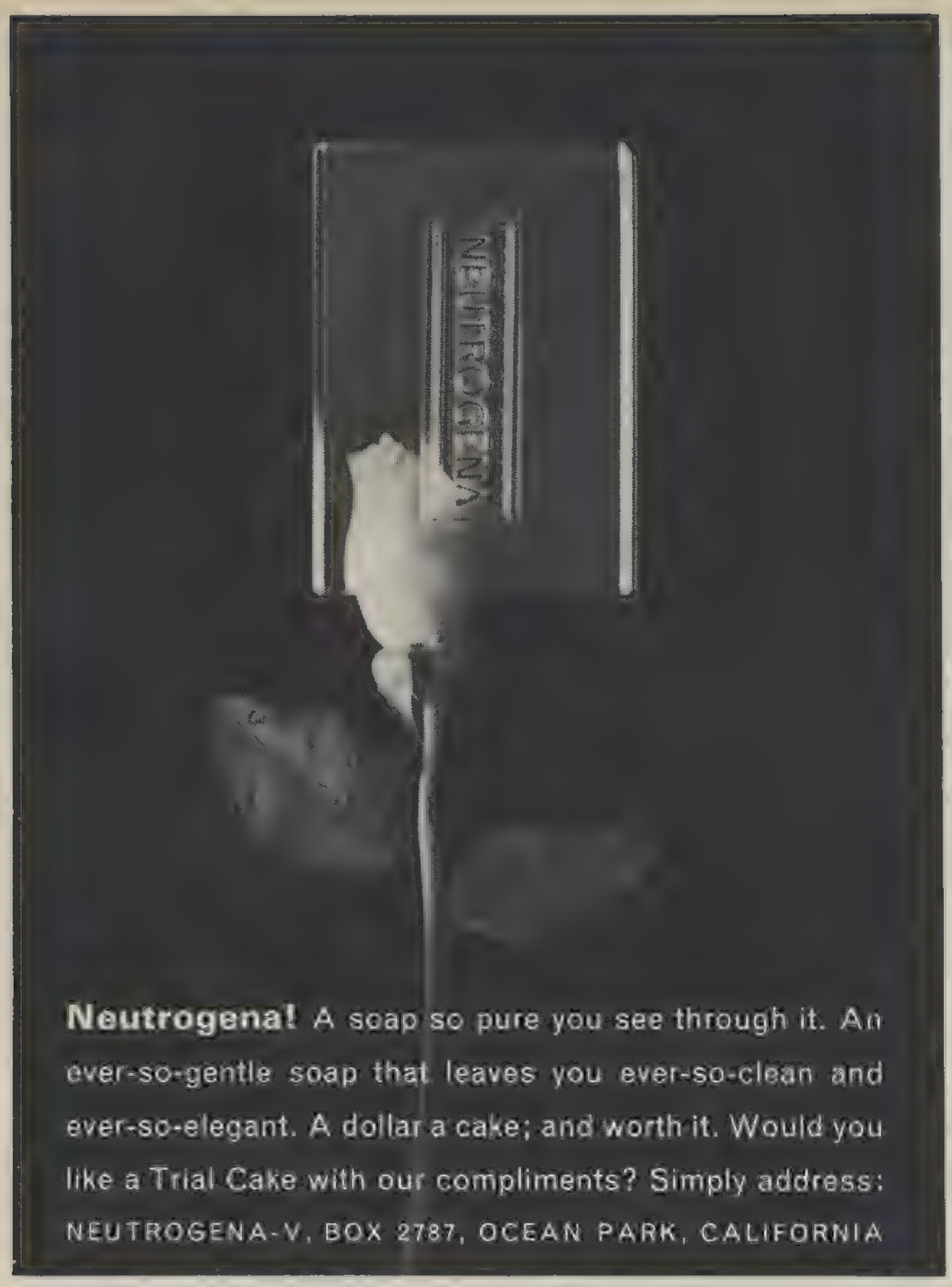
Still, if they succeeded in doing no more than diverting us, these devout Marxists would be the first to proclaim themselves failures. They have purposes, high and low, reflected respectively in tragic and comic plays. Originally, they excelled in "high" Brecht, as in their magnificent interpretations of *Mother Courage* and *Galileo,* which left their repertoire five years ago. The "serious" plays that they brought to London, *The Days of the Commune* and *Coriolanus,* are two heavy-handed products of Brecht's last years, never acted in the master's lifetime. As reinterpreted by Brecht's company, *Coriolanus* is no longer Shakespeare's complex drama of civic virtue ruined by egotism and assailed by petty malice. What Shakespeare represented as the malice of demagogues is transformed into the noblest altruism, and his hero becomes no more than a fighting machine. *The Days of the Commune* fills its stage with warm-hearted Paris Communards of 1871. Embarrassed at the unaccustomed necessity of giving so much attention to "good" people, the Ensemble stumbles into precisely the clichés that it was designed to exterminate, such as having Frenchmen rub their hands expectantly whenever food or drink is in view.

The Ensemble does better with "low" Brecht, scoring with two of Brecht's great comic caricatures, *Arturo Ui,* which chronicles the rise of a Chicago gangster whose career resembles Hitler's, and *The Little Mahagonny,* the story of a boom town where everything goes. Another of Brecht's caricatures, *The Threepenny Opera,* is given a curiously austere production. Often this play serves as the basis for every possible kind of fun with the songs and the action, and sometimes the director who invents the most succeeds best. Liviu Ciulei does just that in his current Bucharest production, in which the time is the present, the music is speeded up, and Polly Peachum sings into a hand mike. The Ensemble's *Opera* is simple, perhaps because its director, Erich Engel, is trying to recapture the qualities of his original interpretation of it in 1928; its one joke is in casting fat, gross-looking Wolf Kaiser as Mack the Knife and making him a monster of lightfooted charm. *Arturo Ui,* on the other hand, has in Ekkehard Schall, the definitive Capone-Hitler, gangster and dictator, clown and devil, giving a performance to make the angels weep—and laugh.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Joan Didion

The Mandelbaum Gate,

"something is very wrong here"

Muriel Spark is a curio, a practitioner of the educated divertissement; her novels have always been cast in quite conventional forms, their peculiarity being that the characters are a bit off the map. Spiritualists, very old people, epileptics, coffee-bar waitresses, Catholic bachelors who fret about sin, repressed pastors' daughters, spinster teachers in obscure schools: misfits all, suggestive of what Edith Wharton once called the back of the social tapestry, "where the threads were knotted and the loose ends hung." By playing these relentlessly self-deceived and déclassé characters against the sunny, middle-class conventions of the gossipy English "woman's" novel ("Daphne married a month later and had a daughter upon whom Peter doted," such novels tend to end, "and it would be years and years before Derek would say . . ."), Mrs. Spark got an effect at once elegant and witty and distinctly, perhaps deceptively, portentous.

I say "perhaps deceptively" because Mrs. Spark's new novel, *The Mandelbaum Gate* (Knopf), so fails to keep the promise of her other fiction that it tends to throw her intentions into question. *The Mandelbaum Gate,* which involves a young Englishwoman in Israel, has all the old conventions: the events casting their shadows before them, the gossipy narrative tone, the patina of learning which has always endeared Mrs. Spark to women who imagine they left their best years back with their stack permits. But something is very wrong here. Where once the conventions seemed a delicate irony, now they seem quite straight. Where once the intricacy of plot seemed an exciting way to hint at shadows strenuously and only barely controlled, now plot seems an end in itself. Where once Mrs. Spark might gently deride a character's literary allusions, now those allusions seem offered up as credentials, evidence that the character is *one of us.* And, above all, where once there was that admirable detachment, that stunning cold eye, now there is something very like "compassion," the kind that comes cheap. Mrs. Spark in *The Mandelbaum Gate* seems more meditative than she has been, less economical and more given to telling us what she thinks, and what she tells us makes one wonder whether all those ellipses in such books as *The Bachelors* and *The Girls of Slender Means* were, after all, quite as meaningful as they seemed.

One of the Founders,

"a joke a page"

One of the Founders by P. H. Newby (Lippincott) is one of those amusingly written novels about life in the English academic bureaucracy. There are hints here and there that Mr. Newby was up to something more, but since nobody can get off a joke a page and end up with *Lord Jim,* it is probably best to read this one for the jokes. I particularly liked one about a citizen who speaks up at dinner parties about "his recent visit to the Soviet Union, where a child had a one-in-eight chance of going to a university as against a one-in-thirty chance in Great Britain. He had been *enormously* impressed by the standard of English-speaking. Where did they acquire such good accents? To his mind it was conclusive proof that they listened to the B.B.C. in spite of the jamming."

In Tucson, Arizona

(Continued from page 43)

Tucson was old before the American pioneer caught up with it, or the Spanish Conquistadores in the sixteenth century rode up the Santa Cruz Valley in search of the Seven Golden Cities of Cibola. As early as 800 A.D. an Indian tribe had settled on its site.

The frontier does not so much linger as live on in Tucson. Patriarchs still survive who remember, as children, being rushed to nearby Fort Lowell when Indians went on the warpath.

Over the centuries there has been a happy homogenization of Indian, Spanish, Mexican, and American cultures with a resultant passionate attachment to Spanish-Mexican cuisine that is apt to jolt the newcomer for the first year or two. The local loyalty to mariachi music and tequila comes easier. In Tucson everyone loves a "fiesta," which can be a rodeo, an art show, or a dance.

Mining (copper) is the principal money maker in this region, tourism next, and cattle now third. But status, now as in the past, is in cattle.

In Tucson, the unforgivable sin is Ostentation. It is quite all right, indeed quite agreeable, to have money and in quantity. What is unpardonable is to be florid in its use—to be, in short, a conspicuous spender. That is what Phoenix and Scottsdale are for.

Tucson and its winter sun have attracted more than their share of wealthy winter residents. They, as well as the home-grown rich, have built splendid places to live, particularly in the Catalina Foothills. One has to look not twice but thrice, however, to get a glimpse of these houses—rambling one-storey structures that hug the contour of the desert hills, preserve the desert growth, and turn a modest exterior to the public.

Even the interiors are apt to look comfortable rather than palatial: with the comfort of special hand-woven fabrics, modern art, and Spanish and Mexican antiques.

Entertaining is constant, open-handed, easy, and simple. Eastern houseguests never cease to be amazed by the hours Tucson keeps. It is not at all unusual for a dinner invitation to read "6 P.M." To be summoned to dine at 6:30 is quite customary; and 7 P.M. is latish.

There is a staunch reason for the early hours. Tucson businessmen still preserve the pioneer habit of reaching their offices at 8 A.M. or soon thereafter. They have no intention of "staying up all night" (i.e. until midnight).

Much Tucson entertaining depends upon the date a hostess can snare Mrs. J. M. McNellis, an inspired caterer, and her gifted crew of maids, waiters, and bartenders. They are omnipresent. When the Duke and Duchess of Windsor visited Tucson, somebody eventually asked the Duke what impressed him most about the countryside. Puzzled but unhesitating, the Duke replied, "The fact that everyone here seems to have the same servants."

Tucson is the seat of the University of Arizona and heir to the intellectual ferment that a university, if it is any good, inspires. From the beginning, city and university have lived amicably together. Under the prodding of Tucson's brilliant and iconoclastic newspaper editor, William R. (Blood and Guts Bill) Mathews, the city has just raised $2,800,000 matched by $4,281,000 from the Federal government, to start a university medical school.

Through the university Tucson has planted a proud foot in the future and in space. Probably no man living knows more about the moon than Dr. Gerald P. Kuiper, head of the University's Lunar and Planetary Laboratory. Dr. Kuiper was chief scientific investigator for the Ranger program which took closeup photographs of the moon to help pave the way for manned lunar exploration.

Drama—ancient, avant garde, ab- (Continued on page 73)



Fond of things Italiano?
Try a sip of Galliano

In Livorno, legend says they distill the golden rays of the sun and put them into each drop of Galliano. Try a sip of its bright, sunny flavor. The legend may seem very real. Look for the tall, tapered bottle. Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America.

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Justin McCarty



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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

October 15

The Beautiful People—hair and nails news

It could mean something when this happens: a great élégante decides to cut her long hair short; a dazzling young creature-about-fashion starts wearing dark red fingernail lacquer for the first time in her life. Documentation on both meaning-fraught items, as follows. . . . Mrs. Loel Guinness is the long-haired woman who's now short-haired. Shingled short. Aboard her yacht one morning this summer she first took the plunge; got out the scissors and went to work on the idea. Later on, she had her cut polished professionally, and this is the result: a skull-gripping cut with a little lift at the front, smoothness trained back of the ears, a shingled nape. (Audrey Hepburn's Alexandre cut, reported in Vogue, August 15, was another interesting case of the soigné long-haired head seeing something in the shingle.) . . . Miss Caterine Milinaire is the young dazzler with a sudden liking for dark red nails, darkest possible red. And considering her record for being first on the block with a number of young-rage fashions, this could be a thing to watch. Although reddened nail enamel has had a young Paris following all along, there is, in America, a generation that has never known the stuff. No one could suspect them of *still* wearing red enamel; they've never worn it before. . . .

Heap big message on potatoes

Guessing game. What do these all have in common: Avocados, corn, peppers, pineapples, potatoes, pumpkins, squash? This. The fact that the American Indians knew them—but our European ancestors didn't, until the New World was uncovered. A fact reemphasized in some smoke signals sent up by Yeffe Kimball (Osage painter from Oklahoma) and Jean Anderson (Scottish-American writer from North Carolina) in a new Doubleday book, *The Art of American Indian Cooking*. This delicious information about Indian cookmanship reveals a pursuit highly involved with potatoes, the villains of many dieters of the modern world who have absorbed a body of misinformation. Actually potatoes provide more zip to the ounce, via highly usable protein, carbohydrates, and iron than most foods. Although small, the protein content of potato is nevertheless potent, and active in such matters as supplying the body with materials necessary to repair itself. Almost all of the iron in potato is usable, while only one-fifth of roast beef iron is. . . . One baked medium potato has fewer calories (97) than a large orange (106), a large apple (117), a cup of milk (116), a cup of plain boiled rice (201), and about the same calorie count as half a grapefruit. Whereas three and a half ounces of a lean club steak pack in 380 calories, a pared, boiled potato of the same weight delivers only 65. . . . Could butter and gravy be the guilty parties in the potato division? Yes. And in that connection, our Indian and her Scottish friend have given us no end of potato-full recipes that involve neither. Salmon Chowder from the Northwest Indians; Clam Chowder from the Northeast Indians; and this simple formula from the Plains Indians: Two pounds small potatoes, six cups water, three packages beef broth—simmer together 45 minutes. Serve in bowls, top with broth—then send the braves out to play. No small potatoes will they be on the warpath.

Blushing constructively

Who can't live without the blush-ons? Lots of people; the blushers are the rushers-of-vitality to the skin. But who especially wouldn't give up the stuff on pain of losing their transistor radios are all the young people we know. So: it seemed logical—and wise—to a number of cosmetics houses to put out their cake blushers with medication slipped into the formulae. To prevent the spread of any bacteria that may lie in wait upon any skin, that sound and scientific house of Helena Rubinstein has put out a medicated blusher in pressed powder form. Clear and Lovely is its name, oily and nervous skins are what it's after, and a telescoping brush plus an antiseptic-forever puff are what comes with it. . . .



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TO COMPETE: You complete two quizzes based on editorial material in VOGUE. First Quiz appears on the opposite page, along with competition rules. Second Quiz will be printed in the November 15, 1965 issue of VOGUE. If you pass both quizzes, you qualify for a final 1,500-word thesis.

TO ENROLL: Fill out blank below (or a copy thereof), and mail it to Prix de Paris Director, VOGUE, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York, 10017.

DEADLINE FOR ENROLLING: October 22, 1965.

Name_____ College_____ What Degree_____

College Address_____ Month and Year of Graduation_____
city state zip code

Home Address_____
street city state zip code

VOGUE'S 25th PRIX DE PARIS

Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris, a career competition for college seniors, was announced in our August 1 issue. For readers who may have missed the First Quiz and the Rules of the competition, we repeat them here.

FIRST QUIZ

Answer TWO of the three questions in this section:

1. Name specific fashion trends which began with girls your age, in or out of college. In general, do you believe that girls of sixteen to twenty start or follow fashion trends? Explain. *(400 words or less)*

2. Imagine that you are a fashion copywriter for the editorial pages of Vogue. Suggest several alternate words or phrases for each of the following: "Bargains in Chic," "The Young Chicerino," "Accessories," "Shop Hound," and "Fashions in Living."

3. Select five advertisements from the August 1 issue of Vogue (if you don't have a copy, check your library) and tell why, in your opinion, each of the advertisers chose to appear in Vogue. *(300 words or less)*

Answer BOTH questions in this section:

1. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera, naming—if you think it relevant—specific products. *(500 words or less)*

2. Decide on a person whom you consider a good possibility for a photograph in Vogue's "People Are Talking About . . ." feature. Write accompanying text for the photograph. *(300 words or less)*

Answers to quiz are due November 1, 1965 and should be mailed to:

Prix de Paris Director
VOGUE, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

VOGUE PRIX DE PARIS RULES

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1965-1966 and must receive the B.A. degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must send in the entrance blank on the opposite page, or reasonable facsimile thereof, by October 22, 1965.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 25th Prix de Paris competition consists of two quizzes to be answered by all contestants, and a 1,500-word thesis which those who pass the two quizzes will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by January 24, 1966.

6. Each quiz will require answers to four questions, some based on fashion and beauty, others based on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The First Quiz appears above; answers are due November 1, 1965. The Second Quiz will be published in the November 15, 1965 issue; answers are due January 10, 1966. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the February 1, 1966 issue; thesis will be due March 1, 1966. Although the questions in the quizzes are editorial in nature and are based in part on material appearing in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject matter, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on paper not larger than 8½ by 11 inches. Your name and college, plus the quiz and question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. and will not be returned.

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting the winners. Winners of Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris will be notified by May 12, 1966.

In Tucson, Arizona

(Continued from page 67)

surd, and Albee—flourishes here. In the first place, the University's drama department is one of the best in the country. It produces everything from the Greeks to Genet, from Shakespeare to Sartre. The University's Reader's Theatre is equally vigorous and venturesome. In summer the Corral Theatre takes over. The University's Opera Theatre in the current season will present, among other works, Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, Debussy's *Prodigal Son*, and Donizetti's *Elixir of Love*. The Tucson Symphony Orchestra is in its thirty-eighth consecutive year.

One can watch the Cleveland Indians, who winter here, work out, or drive to Nogales, Mexico, (sixty-five miles distant) for the regular Sunday bullfights. There are so many aficionados in Tucson that the sports department of *The Arizona Daily Star* includes a bullfight critic.

During Holy Week, Tucson is indebted to the Yaqui Indians, political refugees who fled from Mexico at the turn of the century, for a week-long Passion Play of primitive power and Indian mystique.

The community's greatest architectural treasure, the Mission San Xavier del Bac, it also owes to the Indians. Started as a mission for the Indians in 1700, San Xavier is still the mission church of the Papagos.

Tucson has its share of museums, but one, like the Yaqui passion play, is unique. The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, fifteen miles west of town, is an enclave of desert flora and fauna. Since many desert animals live underground, the spectacular feature of the museum is a subterranean tunnel with glass walls, where one can glimpse the home life of desert rats, kit foxes, prairie dogs, porcupines, bats, bees, ants, and rattlers.

We are hooked on Tucson, my husband and I, and for good. The moment of truth is not when you purchase a house. That can be sold. Or when you join the Country Club. You can resign. Or even when you change the car's registration to Arizona. That can be switched back to New York again.

The moment you are hooked forever is the day someone in the family invests in Western boots. They cost approximately as much as a house. They can't be sold or traded in. And they last forever.

My husband bought boots last winter.

Encounter with Jean Shrimpton

(Continued from page 28)

Being a successful model isn't anything to one's credit. Granted you can use your looks rightly or wrongly, but it's not to your credit that you have got the looks. There's no considerable talent in looking well.

"I don't want to go into films, no, I don't think I'd be any good and there isn't any point to doing one thing which hasn't any possibilities. If I were offered a script that was moulded for me I would certainly consider it, but that's highly unlikely isn't it? I want to get to the top and I wouldn't. Not that I consciously wanted to get to the top in modelling. It just happened."

Bailey ran past clutching a set of prints. They were the ones he had been taking an hour before. "Lord, they're good," he said disappearing.

"I'm happy, too." Shrimpton drank some coffee out of a cardboard cup and I went away. She's too beautiful to write about without some sort of jealousy; but she is so sweet that one can't even have that escape route.

(For Jean Shrimpton's own fashion designs, turn to page 126.)

Are you a two-Scotch family?

Amazing, the people who aren't.

People who have two sets of glassware, town clothes and country clothes — sometimes even two sets of manners — often try to get by with one Scotch.

Impossible.

The decent-enough whisky that goes into highballs may do when it's gussied up with mixers and ice. But there are times when you need a Scotch that takes itself seriously.

Unfrivolous Chivas Regal, for instance. It is made with grave ceremony of the finest Strathisla-Glenlivet whiskies. It is aged 12 years under dour Scottish gazes in the serenity of the oldest distillery in the Highlands.

And you can taste all that.

So give yourself a good reason for owning good crystal and giving good parties.

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JACK ROBINSON

Vogue Paris—The snappiest limbs are swathed in gaiters. The cosy leg wrapper-uppers that were shown with Venet, Ungaro collections now the rage. The Duchess of Windsor ordered these from Roger Vivier. Chic height. Zipped up under the decorative buttons. Worn over a square-heeled, -toed, patent pump. The Duchess sent some tweed of her new Venet suit so her gaiters will coincide . . .

Vogue New York—For sale here—the authentic item from Paris: Those narrow, double-breasted, pinstriped denim jackets like hotel hall scrubber-uppers wear. About $15. Imported by All Seasons; new boutique at Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave. . . . ***Remember the Spanish shawl, all that fringe?*** These silk embroidered triangles found in Mexico are now cut into hipbone length camisoles. Fringe to the knees. $40. The Blue Bead, Greenwich, Conn. . . . ***Miles of Poor-Boys—*** taut sleeves right to the wristbone; crew necks, turtlenecks; colours, colours, colours. $10 to $12. The Sweater Center, 697 Madison Ave. . . . ***Do your morning face-splash with branch water—*** so deliciously, glisten-y clear to drink—it surely should do something marvellous to the outside too. ½ gallon jug of bona fide deep spring branch water, 89 cents. Delicacies Boutique, Altman's. . . . ***Intellectual shoes—*** heavy footed, razzingly original shoes for American Mods, designed by Evelyn Schless; i.e., black patent strapped sandals with Roman stripes painted on wooden heels, $24. Or black kid city sandals with blunted toes of greige, black stencilled calfskin. $25. Splendiferous, 1312 3rd Avenue. . . . ***Jewels, jewels, jewels, jewels, and more bijoux*** . . . Old-school tie stripes in French enamel slanting across cufflinks. Quarter-inch cubes of 18-carat gold. $160. Tiffany's. (Meant for men but yummy for you and a quilted ivory silk shirt. . . .) More stolen tie stripes. These in enamel running around twisted ropes of 18-carat gold. To wear wrapped around the wrist, $675. Verdura, 712 5th Ave. . . . Strictly personal—the Mary Kruming approach to bijoux. Mrs. Kruming creates only on commission. Gets the gist of the client's dream. Dreams herself. Kruming clients stretch from San Francisco, to Washington, and now to Madrid with Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, one of her staunchest aficionados. Mary Kruming, 4 E. 66th St. . . . Finger wrappings—you can never wear too many rings. . . . Healthy sized dome of sandalwood grooved like a melon. In the furrows, gold chain—Or a stuffing of diamonds. $150 up. Seaman Schepps, 485 Park Ave. . . . Kenneth Lane is thinking "real." Of course he'll keep right on making his KJL trinkets—the Roman rush for his famous snake bracelets started last summer when an American friend sent some to Donna Olimpia Torlonia Weiller as a wedding present. . . . Everyone wanted them. Now Mr. Lane will make his dice earrings in red coral with diamond dots; white coral with lapis dots. He will stud the knuckles of a natural bamboo bracelet with diamonds. You suggest something, he'll probably do it. To order: Kenneth Lane, 26 East 38th Street. . . . ***The better to see you with, my dear.*** Monocle ringed with rhinestones, swinging from a jet and crystal chain. Nifty way for the vaguely farsighted to read a menu (this one, the Trattoria's). By Joseph Warner, $25. Bonwit Teller. Your optician will put in the glass. . . . Mme. Marianne LeRoux loops her monocle (below) over the beige leather belt of her Indian wildcat fur suit—adorable. Hipster skirt swings out to above the knee. Nicely narrowed jacket closes like a cardigan, has a mandarin collar. To order. $195. Mr. A. Fur Boutique, 11 West 57th St. . . .






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Germaine Monteil

OCTOBER 15, 1965

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: ALL THAT DASH... SQUARE TOES TO BOOT

It's all yours, that dash. Nifty in the country...tweeds, square-toed boots, all bramble and ramble. Then the night life...and a whole other tack: touch of dazzle; surprise; slight suggestion of mystery....We think they're both part of the same sparky intrigue explored in this issue—rivetting fashion wherever you are. Kicking off here, marvellous new gear for tweed skirts and country looks—toes all on the square.

Left: Ribbed grey wool stockings by Saint Laurent. Top foot, walking pump in red-Bordeaux crocodile, squared off oval toe. Other foot, square-toed, strapped ankle boot of camel-coloured crocodile.

Top of the page, square-toed ankle boot of dark green calfskin. ¾″ heel.

Centre: Square-toed boot, 8″ tall, of brown crocodile. All by Roger Vivier; to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

GUY BOURDIN



THIS IS THE NIGHT LIFE

Marvellous parties—the flash and ricochet of new small talk . . . the exhilarating beat of the *sirtaki*, the fun of the Supremes . . . red vodka and pink champagne . . . the works. And you, dazzling and invigorated and looking terrific, enjoying every minute of same. . . . Off to the opening of *Royal Hunt of the Sun* in a blaze of Norell—see paillettes left and right. . . . Or in vivid Chinese yellow silk to the ground, with a long coat of stiffly curled black coq feathers; makeup touched with brilliance, a coiffure that bares the brow, sweeps into a triple burro's-tail postiche at the back. . . . Rivetting at home: Balenciaga's narrow brocade pants and tunic—blue, silver, and gold. After your party, on to someone else's house with a poncho of white ermine flung over your shoulders, caught at the sides with two white satin bows. . . . For early evening: the subtlest short dress of black wool, no sleeves, V neck; a straight coat of bright brown satin. . . . Short, mesmerizing brown lace fraught with ruffles, floating, swinging; wear gauzy smoke-brown stockings, the sexiest sandals of pungent green silk; gilded nails, a Vidal haircut. The effect: sharp, subtle. . . . Irresistible and worldly: a firm rounded cap of white satin worn on the back of the head with a tremendous diamond bowknot at the front; no bangs. Add diamonds for earrings; wear with a black satin suit, strict and serene. . . . Sleek as a jewel: the tight long-sleeved sheath of beads, solidly paillettted in sweeping, irregular rockets of colour—peridot greens, perhaps, and torrid blues; the whole idea slambang brilliant and madly female. . . . (More on the following page)



THE PEERLESS PAILLETTES OF NORELL

A sash of sweet-pink satin, opposite, tied low over silver paillettes on silk jersey—a long lick of overblouse with cigarette sleeves, round neck, long narrow skirt. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Right, silver paillettes spattered on a little cage of white organdie, fringed in crystal beads, shimmering over a tube of tomato-red wool jersey; a twist of jersey scarf. Dress, to order at Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

PENN

THIS IS THE NIGHT LIFE

On deep-winter nights: the racy look of long tapering legs in gaiters of re-embroidered black lace with charming black satin slippers—toes flat and square, heels delicate and not too high. Short black satin dress with this—very bouncy—and a white ermine coat snugged in close at the top, wide at the hem. These could be the nights for Pablo jewels on your eyelids. . . . Small slender brunette; has a yen for pink. Here it is: palest pink lace dress, long sleeves, ruffles at the wrist, stacks of ruffles at the neck, flickering at the knee bone. Pink lace stockings; low-heeled dancing pumps of pink lace and peau de soie. . . . New girl making the bistro scene: the girl in the silver suit—schoolboy jacket of silver lamé, straight little silver trousers cropped well above the knee; under the jacket, a silver shirt, frilled and transparent. And more: silvery stockings, tailored silver pumps. If this is the girl we think she is—original to the bone—she has a head of swinging, tawny hair. . . . What's happening out in little-black-dress-land? Here's what's happening out in l-b-d-land: a streak of black wool, short, straight, high in front, has no back at all; or it has giant punchboard cutouts showing the sides of an elegant midriff; or, if it has some jewellery, it's apt to be one great diamond button centring a crisscross of straps on a beautiful bare back.

THE GRAZIOSAS OF PUCCI

Left: *The balldress as Pucci sees it, as night life will see it soon—a wide span of heliotrope silk jersey drawn skim-tight with a graziosa sweep, a jewelled clasp. Emilio Pucci jewellery.* Opposite: *Graziosa of violet cloqué silk—one long, swirling arabesque. Both dresses: the Emilio Pucci Couture Collection. On both pages: shoes by Albanese for Pucci; coiffures by Carita.*

PENN



THE GRAZIOSA: PUCCI'S BIAS

Live to every movement, conch-pink cloqué silk furls and unfurls extravagantly from the cuffed halter to the cuffed harem hem. Marvellous as a balldress. Marvellous at home—with beautiful bare feet, a domed toe ring



THE BALLDRESS:
PUCCI'S NARROWED JERSEY

Barely scissored, barely seamed, ocean-green silk jersey ebbs and flows—almost two metres of width falling narrowly against the body. Bernardo sandals. Both dresses: the Emilio Pucci Couture Collection. Carita coiffures.



PENN

THIS
IS
THE
NIGHT
LIFE



IN THE GRÈS LIFE:
FLOATS OF COLOUR

Chartreuse and Persian blue, poured in currents of chiffon down the narrow length of an evening dress. Both colours, caught at one shoulder with a float of blue chiffon toga. Dress, of fabric by Petillaut; at I. Magnin.

PENN

THIS
IS
THE
NIGHT
LIFE



CRÊPE POINTS BY GRÈS . . .
AND A NEW HEMLINE

Crêpe, mostly bias, in red, green, purple. Pointed poncho top, a skirt that's floor-length —suddenly knee-length. Of Bianchini crêpe; at I. Magnin. Jewellery: Jean Pierre. Shoes by Roger Vivier. Coiffures by Alexandre.



THE GRÈS PONCHO... FLOW OF BROCADES

Brocades in blue, emerald, fuchsia, streaming with gold and silver—falling like enormous handkerchiefs to a swing of points. Of Bianchini fabrics; at I. Magnin. Arpad earrings. Roger Vivier shoes. Coiffure by Alexandre.

THIS
IS
THE
NIGHT
LIFE



**THE UP-DOWN HEM
OF BALMAIN,
JEWELLED MINK CUFFS**

Two hems: a short sheath of black velvet, a long shell of brown taffeta overskirt that wraps diagonally. Sleeves opulent—banded in gold jewel embroidery, cuffed in mink. Roger Vivier shoes. Coiffure by Alexandre.

PENN



CARDIN . . . IN
THE JET STREAM

Cardin's jet-stream dress . . . a sheath that shimmers all over with light-to-dark beads, silvery-white through grey to jet-black. One silver sleeve, one jet. . . . Hem like a folded handkerchief, the point tipped to one side.

THIS
IS
THE
NIGHT
LIFE



PINK CRÊPE...
GILT-EDGED BY CARDIN

Small, straight evening dress in bright-pink crêpe, on the bias... enchantingly Cardin. Narrow, straight sleeves. Around the turtle-neck, cuffs, hem, a blaze of golden embroidery. Abraham crêpe. Both coiffures: Carita

PENN







The coat of the year: enormous width sweeping from flat, small shoulders and deep raglan sleeves to nine-tenths hem. . . . Shiny black cloqué over a narrow pink tunic, narrow black skirt.

The flower of the evening: two long, liquid-moving petals of matte pink shantung, high and close over the bosom, opening like a tulip in back—one of Balenciaga's new wonder dresses, bowed, slightly trained; a crush of jewels on each shoulder.

CLOTHES ON BOTH THESE PAGES, IN AMERICA AT I. MAGNIN.

BALENCIAGA

PENN



This coat with this hat: the perfect short-evening silhouette. Tapered green brocade coat with cutouts of ribcage-seaming . . . supple, fascinating in motion. . . . Hat like a mushroom hanging on the back of the head—black velvet with a thick two-inch brim.

The most important new dress-shape: all on the bias, all controlled by one seam down the front, one seam down the back . . . yellow-and-silver lamé, close as stockings on the body, and lithe.

CLOTHES ON BOTH THESE PAGES, IN AMERICA AT I. MAGNIN. HATS: BERGDORF GOODMAN.

GIVENCHY

PENN





PEOPLE ARE
TALKING ABOUT...

TRUMAN CAPOTE

Capote is an experimenter, an adventurer. His newest experiment is *In Cold Blood*, a unique book, for it is the first non-fiction novel, a precise documentary, in many ways brilliantly composed, inventive in the telling, a mystery-detective story, true and factual. The facts are brutal, the detection intricate. On November 15, 1959, Richard Hickock and Perry Smith drove up in their black Chevrolet to River Valley Farm on the "high wheat fields of Western Kansas" where they murdered four of the members of the Clutter family, a crime for which they were hanged on April 14, 1965. The killers did not know the family. They came to rob the safe, but finding no safe, kept to Hickock's plan: no witnesses. After the pair had tied up Herbert Clutter, his wife Bonnie, his sixteen-year-old daughter Nancy, and fifteen-year-old son Kenyon, Smith shot them all. Just before the rope broke his neck, Smith said: "I apologize." A few days after the murders, but before the murderers were known, Capote, a small man with a gentle manner, a hard brain, and a remarkable stubbornness about his work, arrived at Holcomb, Kansas, picking up the details of the Clutter family's last day, learning about the shaken townsfolk and the detectives on the case. He stayed with the case for six years. In those years, he learned everything about everyone involved, knew that Smith on the morning of the murders had breakfasted on root beer, three aspirins, and a packet of Pall Malls. In a curious way Capote understood everyone, especially Smith, whom he called at times sensitive, but later described as "an uneducated, homicidal half-breed." By the end of those six years, *In Cold Blood*, then incomplete, had a significant, underground reputation that only increased Capote's enduring fame. A recognized writer since he was seventeen, Capote, now an easy forty-one, has written eight other books (and a play, a musical, and two movies) with none so wildly successful even before publication. The entire book has just been published in four big gulps by *The New Yorker* (the only important writing in those issues). Random House releases it in January, 1966. The Book-of-the-Month Club has it for its February choice. Columbia Pictures owns it. The Truman Capote literary adventure in crime has come off.

PENN





THE MAN, THE ACTOR, THE RELUCTANT LOVER:

MASTROIANNI

BY LUIGI BARZINI

The case of Marcello Mastroianni which looks as if it were deceptively simple to dissect, is especially rich with the kind of information that helps illuminate the contemporary scene. Why should this actor of all actors, unmistakably Italian, with an Italian blend of qualities and limitations, have become, at this particular moment in history and not another, the idol of the multitudes everywhere? You are tempted to think that if you gathered all the necessary data (which data are necessary is, of course, difficult to ascertain beforehand, but that happens in all research work), avoided the facile clichés, disregarded the conventional marionettes invented by flacks and journalists, if you forgot a few of the things Mastroianni believes of himself or believes he believes (you must consider them mere psychological indications), if you did all this and you were brave enough to accept, in the end, the deductions, whichever they may be, dictated by impassive logic, after much washing of insignificant sand in your pan, you should find the gold dust of a few precious conclusions, valid for a revelatory understanding of the contemporary moral scene, the *Zeitgeist*, so to speak, and of the anxious, frightened, drifting, resigned mood of modern man.

It is elementary to see why (and of what) Marilyn Monroe, Sophia Loren, and Brigitte Bardot became symbols. But why Mastroianni should have become one, leaving so many seemingly better equipped rivals so far behind, is more difficult to determine. In fact, his success appears at times disturbingly unjustified. How much simpler it would be to analyze the various reasons for his failure, if he had failed! A shrewd Italian show-business expert who seldom makes mistakes, told him, years ago, when he was still a struggling young stage actor: "Marcello, stick to the theatre. You need footlights and distance between you and your public. You're not handsome and stupid enough for the movies. You'll never survive close-ups." It is obvious that in the cinema of the thirties and forties he would have been reduced to a few frustrating rôles, mostly dialect caricatures, the weak soldier, the betrayed husband, the timid lover, the bungling amateur. Those were, in fact, the small parts that came his way in the early fifties. Movie stars were supposed to be manly, muscular, well tailored, and self-possessed heroes: Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and Cary Grant.

For one thing, he does not look and behave like a celebrity. He is approximately six feet tall, a little stoop-shouldered, with one foot usually turned slightly inward, as if he were on the point of starting a perennial slalom. He moves gracefully but always a bit uncertainly, as if he were an idle man vacantly drifting while making up his mind. He is forty-one years old and looks his age, with bags under his eyes like Jeanne Moreau's. His eyes are witty, mischievous, inquisitive, sometimes tender and vulnerable. His teeth are short and turn inward. He parts his hair on one side, like a schoolboy, or as President John F. Kennedy did. The general expression of his face is incredulous and ironical, the expression of a man who does not want to get hurt. He pays little attention to his appearance: his shirts look ready-made for somebody else, his neckties won in a raffle; his coats have a tendency to stick out and not to hug the back of his neck in the approved manner; the creases of his trousers are seldom parallel and do not always point straight forward. He does not make himself scarce: anybody can see him dining out with a few friends, always the same, and his wife, at Il Bolognese in Piazza del Popolo, or at any other good *trattoria*, never in chic and expensive restaurants or in the dingy *osterie* the snobbish few discover every month and abandon hurriedly as soon as they are also discovered by others. He is so inconspicuous that American tourists often sit at the next table without realizing it. He owns an apartment in town and a villa on the Appia Antica. He also owns an estate in Tuscany near Lucca. This last sounds awe-inspiring until you see it: a small, bourgeois, nineteenth-century house with a garden and a few vineyards around it, which he could easily have inherited from an uncle.

There are many reasons why he appears stubbornly (Continued on page 98)



A RARE NEW PHOTOGRAPH (ABOVE) OF MASTROIANNI WITH HIS WIFE, FLORA, AND THEIR DAUGHTER, BARBARA, AT THEIR TUSCAN FARM: "HE LOVES HIS HOUSES, WHERE HE WEARS OLD CLOTHES AND GOES SNOOPING IN THE KITCHEN. . . . HE LOVES FAMILY LIFE. HE QUARRELS WITH HIS WIFE, OF COURSE, BECAUSE SHE HAS A STRONG CHARACTER AND FIRM IDEAS, BUT 'THAT'S ONE OF THE WAYS OF LOVE.' "



MASTROIANNI (ABOVE) ON THE TELEPHONE: "HE ENDLESSLY AND ACUTELY DEBATES SCENES. . . . HE WANTS TO BE CONVINCED. FOR A LAZY MAN, HE ADMITS HE WORKS VERY HARD." OPPOSITE: WITH URSULA ANDRESS ON A SET OF THEIR NEW FILM, "THE TENTH VICTIM." THE KIND OF MAN MASTROIANNI IS, "(SHAPED BY BLOOD, ITALY, EXPERIENCE, WIFE, FAMILY, LOVE, AND FEAR OF LIFE), HAS SOMEHOW BECOME A SYMBOL OF SORTS."

MASTROIANNI

determined not to allow mere colossal success, world-wide fame, and immense wealth to change his modest life, habits, and beliefs. To begin with, there are his few old friends, his relatives, his brother Ruggero, one of the best cutters in movies, who could cut him down to size if he tried to. Then there is his wife. Flora Carabella ("the beautiful and the dear" is the translation of her name), whom he married in 1950, the mother of his teen-aged daughter. Flora is the daughter of a musician and is inured to the makeshift papier-mâché triumphs of show business; she fears that Marcello's fortune may one day vanish as mysteriously as it came; she is as frightened as all Italian wives and mothers of successful men are, as Maria Letizia Buonaparte née Ramolino was, who always expected to see her son Napoleon's luck collapse one day without warning. Flora is more frightened than most, because she has a high idea of her husband and she knows that success seldom comes to the people who deserve it, and when it does, does not last long. She has a strong character. Her husband loves, respects, and trusts her.

Finally there is Mastroianni himself, his incredulous and skeptical turn of mind. He fears the revenge of the gods. In the old days he used to laugh at those who, to use a favourite expression of Roman cinéastes, were "overwhelmed by sudden fortune," not only those who bought the outlandish cars and the villas with swimming pools but also those who gave philosophical interviews attributing deep abstract reasons for their rise to fame. He is now naturally afraid to be laughed at: he sees the ghost of young Mastroianni mocking mature Mastroianni. Then there is a final motive. Some of the things successful actors do, as if compelled by biological laws, repel him because they are also those done by the unsuccessful who want to be thought successful. Many look like cheap flacks' gimmicks, signs of insecurity. Mastroianni shrinks from them because he wants to prove that his incredible luck is really due to his genuine talent, and to little else.

That his talent is great nobody denies. His mere presence somehow transforms a provincial pochade into a universal fable. All the directors he has worked for know this. They feel elated when they have him on the set. He is pliant, intuitive, resourceful, amiable, intelligent, inventive, and patient, above all patient. He makes himself putty in the hands of the men he especially values when shooting a story he is fond of. He respects Luchino Visconti (he still addresses him with the "lei," the formal approach) who discovered him. He likes to work for Pietro Germi and for Mario Monicelli. But the man he really trusts is Federico Fellini. He seems to trust him as a baby trusts his nurse, and does the impossible for him. "It is easy for me to work with Federico," he explains. "It's like playing games. I amuse myself all the time. Never a dull moment." This is perhaps because there is an uncanny understanding between them: both are actor and director at the same time, each one electrifying the other and his possibilities. The movie he believed in with his whole being, and that fitted him like a second skin, was *8½*. In it he even managed to look and act like Fellini, a person entirely different from him. Fellini said: "Marcello gives me a frightening feeling of omnipotence. You can do anything, anything at all with him."

Mastroianni transforms himself into each new character with the thoroughness and the perfection of Alec Guinness. Like the great actor-managers of the nineteenth century, he still invents his own costume and makeup. In *The Organizer* he even stuck a green contact lens on one eye, to make it larger and glassy and to give himself a slightly insane appearance. "Such primitive people as the Italian socialist workers of seventy years ago," he said, "would never have risked their lives for a sober and rational gentleman. He had to be a nut." The technique of his trade fascinates him endlessly, although he is afraid to speak of it in the bated-breath jargon of the initiate of a religious mystery. He confesses he learned all he knows from veteran actors, working in stock companies. That the world should admire his capacity to impersonate a different person in each film irritates him slightly. "Why, that's what an actor is supposed to do, is it not?" he says. He contends it is not a difficult feat in the movies. A movie, he points out, takes months to make; a man has the time to invent a character, to ease himself into it, and can stick to it for a long time, perfecting it as he goes along.

The real tour de force to be admired is that of the leading men in the repertory companies who toured Italy until the last war. They stopped one day, one week, or a fortnight in provincial towns, and to keep the theatre filled, (Continued on page 156)

ENZO SELLERIO





"THE WORLD IS A PAINTING:"

RAUSCHENBERG

BY LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

In the last few years the art and reputation of Robert Rauschenberg have, as they say, exploded. Exploded, that is to say, in the new sense of the word (it has replaced the now archaic "boom"), meaning increase, spread, proliferation. Last year Rauschenberg won the grand prize at the Venice Biennale and made a large work for the New York State Pavilion; his is the mural with the blown-up image of John F. Kennedy. In 1963, in a retrospective at New York's Jewish Museum, he simply crammed the place with a dozen years' work. The question, "Yes, but what has he done lately?" is not likely to be asked of Rauschenberg.

The man whose activity has attracted these honours is forty years old, but looks far younger, was born in Port Arthur, Texas, but has only the slightest drawl. In fact, the drawl, when you are aware of it at all, seems just the natural attribute of an open and relaxed personality. Only really busy people have time to see everybody and do anything that comes up. (Those who are less busy just don't have the time.) It is on the basis of this fact that it is possible to say of Rauschenberg that he is "relaxed," without forgetting the energy that drives his endless inventiveness.

Today his paintings sell for prices ranging from $5,000 to $50,000 (when you can get them), a big change from the mid-fifties when Jasper Johns and he did window displays for Bonwit Teller and Tiffany. Despite the new prices, Rauschenberg continues to live in a loft downtown, which is not where he could live if he felt like expanding a little (after all, he is Texan). The loft is enormous, much bigger than the one he occupied on Fulton Street (which I remember from a visit in 1958 as rather crowded with *unsold* works); it is bigger, but not different. Work space and living space interlock, with the bed and stove over to one side, intimate in scale, like a tiny walled city set down in a great bare plain. Here, bunched together like a bouquet, low on one wall, are works of art by admired artists and friends, including Kurt Schwitters and René Magritte, Jasper Johns and Jim Dine, Yves Klein and Öyvid Fahlstrom. Marcel Duchamp's "Bottlerack" is here, the manufactured object which he promoted to the status of art by the act of choosing it.

As with shelter, so with clothes. Rauschenberg seems most at ease in casuals of the classic American vernacular, which have influenced the world (through Western movies and the U. S. Army): pants—often chinos—on the hips, T-shirt or work shirt, wristwatch, sneakers. When he puts on a suit, its reserve is a kind of personal statement in its homeliness, and not, as with Ivy League clothes, a uniform professing restraint.

Four years ago Robert Rauschenberg told an interviewer that "there is no reason not to consider the world as one gigantic painting." Thus, you, the reader, at this moment, could be regarded as part of this painting. If you are living in a painting, and have been for years without noticing, the painting is certainly of a kind that needs to be defined. Rauschenberg does not mean only that the world resembles a painting to the extent that an artist may sum up a current view of the world in his work. He has in mind a situation in which the usual boundaries of the work of art are broken. Suddenly, the painting we are living in is a Rauschenberg.

One of the ways in which the world can be considered as a painting is a matter of scale: the artist extends his operations beyond the surface of painting or the volume of sculpture. His actions reach out, beyond the canvas, beyond the pedestal, into larger areas. Rauschenberg, for example, has turned to the dance as a way of absorbing parts of the world into his art, including a range of objects and unspecialized gestures. In the recent dance "Spring Training" he was both choreographer and performer: he swept up dropped eggs, with a solemn patience, like (Continued on page 153)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG, *opposite,* a painter who continually astonishes by following a direct thought to a direct conclusion, came to art much as a spring tide reaches its mark. Born in Port Arthur, Texas, he grew up with no background in art. He just drew. After the war he went, on the G.I. Bill, to the Kansas City Art Institute, and then to the Académie Julian in Paris. In 1948 he returned to study under the superb teacher Josef Albers at Black Mountain College. Rauschenberg had his first one-man show, more startling than successful, at the Betty Parsons Gallery in 1951. Since then his important group shows, his one-man shows, his influence, his acclaim, have multiplied like mustard seed. This winter Rauschenberg's drawings for Dante's *Inferno* will be at New York's Museum of Modern Art. "These are the feelings Rauschenberg gives us," the composer John Cage wrote: "love, wonder, laughter, heroism (I accept), fear, sorrow, anger, disgust, tranquillity."

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

ABOVE: A RAUSCHENBERG COMBINE-PAINTING (1961), WIRED FOR ELECTRICITY AND CALLED "FIRST LANDING JUMP." COLLECTION, PHILIP JOHNSON

OPPOSITE: A RAUSCHENBERG PAINTING, "PERSIMMON" (1964) WITH READY-MADE SILK-SCREENED IMAGES INCLUDING A RUBENS VENUS





Get-out-of-town clothes...
the niftiest country looks in years



Nifty. Niftissimo. The next country looks that slip out of town on great new fashion tracks—slip back in occasionally too, for extra success. Country coats for instance—marvellous flings, fur or fur-lined, for day, rain, storm, evening (our theory: a country coat never sleeps, so spend on it, lean on it, enjoy it for all it's worth). Under it: superb sweaters, smaller now, in colours that match hip skirts, hip pants....Tweeds, flannels, twills, leathers....Gaiters, boots....Here, for starters: A cloud of lynx, left, all pale depths of flattery, in a coat that swings full and free. With a narrow cashmere pull in a blue mixed specially for Vogue; cable bands around the neck, down one side. Coat of natural Russian lynx, by Alixandre. Sweater by Braemar; about $45 at Peck & Peck; Neiman-Marcus. Nifty eyelashes: Eylure of London. Rolex watch, at Abercrombie & Fitch. Wide-swinging country coat, right, of beige cashmere and vicuña with a small collar, low belt, wide-swinging hem. By Country Tweeds; about $140. American Astral gloves. All, at Altman's. Coat: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Fiorentina shoes. Bernard Abrams buckles. Glen Raven panti-legs. Coiffures: Taula of House of Revlon. The old English library steps, these pages: Stair & Co.

HORST

Opposite: Country coat of taupe poplin lined in sable. With a two-piece poplin dress—long windcheater with elastic cuffs; straight skirt. Emeric Partos design, of poplin taffeta, natural Russian sable; made to order. Emily Wetherby stock. Fuchs gloves. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Evins gaiters of Corfam.
Left: Fly-front taupe coat of Belgian suède with tape belt, raglan shoulders. Over a dress and boots of shiny white leather. Coat by Foxhunt of Belgium; about $95 at Best & Co. Coiffure: Taula of House of Revlon.
Lower left: Argyll cardigan of brown, white, yellow, with low belt, gilt buttons. Over a short brown jersey culotte. Both by Catalina. Cardigan of knitted Orlon and nylon; about $17. Culotte of Orlon; about $14. At Best & Co. Boots at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Get-out-of-town clothes . . .
sabled poplin . . . suède . . . Argyll



HORST



A winter hem—longer, wider, left. Officer's coat, officer's length—a coat of ivory Melton cloth, close to the waist, the skirt swooping to a low flaring hemline. Chin-high collar; big welted pockets; double-breasted. The idea—as per St. Moritz or Lausanne, where one might go partying by ski-lift: wear it over the shortest (5" above knee) skirt, knee-high boots. Coat by Modelia, of Stroock wool; about $125 at Best & Co.; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop. Glasses: National Optical. Miller's boots. Coiffure: Taula of the House of Revlon.

Pattes d'éléphant pants, opposite. The hip pants-shape, in grey wool flannel—straight to the knee, then shaped out wide as elephant's feet. Marking the low waist, a buckled flannel belt. Here, with a small top of grey double-knitted wool. Both by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan. Pants of Stevens fabric; about $30. Top of Jasco jersey; about $23. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Neusteters; Sakowitz. Kislav driving gloves. Ankle boots by Golo. Coiffure by Marc Sinclaire. All fabrics: loomed in America.

Get-out-of-town clothes...
officer-length coat...
pattes d'éléphant pants

HORST







Two great suits that flourish in the country or city or dashing in between. Stone-grey wool suit, left: Cardigan jacket with a stand-up collar, narrow set-in sleeves; open over a shell of soft white capeskin, straight fly-front skirt . . . snappy with white kidskin gloves, high white gaiters. Vogue International Couturier Design 1496, designed by Galitzine. Earrings by K. J. L. Shadow checks on beige wool twill, right: Little shaped jacket with a low funnel collar, shaped tab pockets . . . collar and wrists set with white bias wool for a mock blouse . . . wide, knee-wheeling skirt . . . grainy gaiters. Vogue Paris Original Model 1517, designed by Cardin. Of double-woven wool. Both pages: Anglo wool, loomed in America; at Macy's. Earrings by Laguna. Gaiters of Corfam by Evins. Aris gloves. Coiffures by Marc Sinclaire. Other views, sizes, details, page 164.

VOGUE PATTERN 1517

Get-out-of-town clothes . . . stone-grey suit with white capeskin . . . wide-skirt suit in shadow-checked beige . . . the snap of gaiters

VOGUE PATTERN 1496

HORST





Charlotte Rampling, *this page*, new English charmer in the movie, *Rotten to the Core*. Nineteen, with taffy-brown hair, gentian eyes . . . looks smashing, *left*, in a Glen plaid wool jacket, grey and brown ($110); grey flannel trousers ($70); pink cotton shirt ($30). All, John Weitz Boutique; to order at Henri Bendel. Castlecliff belt. *Above*, in charcoal Shetland—crew-neck sweater ($12), narrow trousers ($18). By Bernhard Altmann. Stern Brothers. Hanes stockings; Evins ghillies. *Below*, camel poplin storm coat—"rather a great coat, actually," said Miss Rampling—huge quilted collar, zipped pockets. By White Stag, in Dacron-and-cotton poplin; Orlon pile lining (Stevens fabrics). $45. Fuchs gloves. Both: Lord & Taylor. Coat: Hudson's. Coiffures: Alan, Kenneth Salon.

Mrs. John D. Cochran, *facing page*, is young, attractive, a year-round country dweller; likes riding, boating . . . clothes like these: Gun-club check wool coat, in russet, gold, beige; ($155). Beige corduroy pants ($55). Both, John Weitz Boutique; to order at Henri Bendel. Grandoe gloves. Fiorentina shoes.





Get-out-of-town clothes...
worn by Charlotte Rampling
and Mrs. John D. Cochran

HORST



Non-stop in denim-blue wool knit, near right, a rib-clinging skimp top, fly-front hip-pants cut dead-straight from three inches below the navel to just clear of the instep. By Korrigan. Top, about $35. Pants, about $55. Bergdorf Goodman. Hamilton watch at Altman's. Antelope is on, far right, putting the country coat to work with everything from tweeds and boots to dinner white. Flecked brown fur belted small, flared short . . . worn here with a ribbed white turtleneck sweater. By Birger Christensen of Copenhagen. Hansen gloves. Boots: Miller's.

Get-out-of-town clothes . . . with-it top . . . cigarette pants . . . any-hour fur

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





FRANCO RUBARTELLI

Get-out-of-town clothes . . . small-shoulder tweeds . . . fly fronts . . . stacked sable



Shooting box tweed, left: straight from the shoulder—jacket going longer, skirt going shorter. By Deanna Littell for Zacari; grey-yellow-bone Scotney wool. Jacket, about $60. Skirt, about $30. Altman's; Sakowitz. Sally Gee stock.
Newest zip for country tweed, above: a fly front aligned on jacket and skirt. Charcoal wool suit, chiffon silk blouse by Rudi Gernreich. About $225. Henri Bendel; Joseph Magnin. Roger Van S bag: Altman's. Boots: Miller's.
Sable toss-coat, below: a red fur blaze stacked drift on drift, going country, going shrug. By Ritter Bros., in natural Russian red sable. Ernst Engel wool doeskin pants.
Snugged tweed, opposite: skirting out to a wide-angle pleat. Suit by Davidow; black, brown, and ginger wool and rayon checks. About $160. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila; Julius Garfinckel; Woolf Brothers; I. Magnin. Sally Gee stock. Hamilton watch. Both pages: roller hats by Mr. John. Hansen gloves of Analon nylon. Stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Evins gaiters of Corfam, made to order.





FRANCO RUBARTELLI





The fur skirt and the fur-lined coat, left. Ivory twill turned out with a brown wool jersey pull and all the fur a coat can hold—sable lining, sable skirt. By Donald Brooks; Anglo wool loomed in America, natural mountain sable. Saks Fifth Avenue. Evins gaiters of Corfam, made to order. Great windstop, above: muffled in camel-and-brown Tattersall checks or the reverse—camel wool. Reversible coat by Rudi Gernreich. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin. Miller's boots. Hipped low, belled wide, below: gold-dyed buckskin pants laced in back. Anne Klein for Mallory Leathers. $100. Jane Irwill wool sweater. $9. Both: Altman's. Mr. John hat. Leather windstop, right: brown-dyed suède buckling down bleached raccoon. Fur-lined coat by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Lastex and nylon tights: Danskin. Golo boots.



FRANCO
RUBARTELLI



Get-out-of-town clothes . . . fur skirt . . . windstop coats . . . fur-linings . . . reversible checks . . . pattes d'éléphant buckskin pants

For her marriage to the blond, handsome young French film producer, M. Barbet Schroeder, Miss Cornelia Embiricos, *opposite,* daughter of Mr. and Mrs. André Embiricos, wore a supremely simple muslin dress designed for her by Castillo. Simple, supreme—that summed this wedding in the white chapel, *above,* on one of the Petali Islands. This small, beautiful Greek archipelago, owned, at times, by a Turkish governor, a Russian czar, and a Greek king, now belongs to the Embiricos family. By boat, family and a few friends, including the Alain de Rothschilds, Mr. Aristotle Onassis, and Mme. Maria Callas, came to the late-afternoon wedding for which young Mr. Alexander Onassis was best man, and Mrs. Mark Miller was her sister's single attendant at the Greek Orthodox service. Later to the zingy music of a Greek band, M. and Mme. Schroeder led with the traditional Greek wedding dance (the groom took crash lessons for three days before his marriage). Long after midnight, after fireworks, serenaded by the band and everyone on the island, M. and Mme. Schroeder sailed off on one of the Embiricos yachts—the only passengers on a ten-day cruise of the blue and wine-dark Greek seas.

On a Greek Island, the bride looked like a Byzantine princess

CECIL BEATON





TRIUMPHS OF GALANOS: THE COATDRESS IN BLACK, SATIN-EDGED... NAVY-BLUE COAT, WIDE-SKIRTED

Triumphs of Galanos' new collection: a feeling of luxury and excitement, so strong—said one observer at the opening—it was "like a waft of some fascinating perfume."...The expected beauty of cutting and construction, with a sensitive awareness of the small-boned body under the clothes....The surge of talent, creative, original, even joyous: Galanos at his dazzling best.

The smallest coatdress, left. Black wool, sashed high and edged with black silk satin....Long, narrow sleeves, gently puffed at the shoulders....Galanos hat, a Crusader's helmet of black wool and satin. Dress at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.

Narrow coat, swing of skirt, right. One of the great coats this winter, in bright-navy wool bouclé....Marvellous funnel neckline, high waist, narrow sleeves slightly puffed at the top....Wide smooth swing of skirt, revealed only in motion. Hat, also by Galanos: a Greek helmet of brilliant red velours. Coat and hat: Bonwit Teller. Coat, also Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.



HORST



Long gleam of oyster satin, left. A dress of all-out splendour...heavy oyster-white silk satin, handled with great beauty and ease. Bodice wrapped to a deep wide V, tied high with a bow...skirt narrow, gently gathered...sleeves narrowing to long, tubular cuffs. At Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Blum's, Chicago; I. Magnin. Black satin—short and racy, right. One of the prettiest, most provocative little dresses around: polished black satin with a short fling of skirt, gathered on a high band...halter back that shows plenty of skin. In textured silk satin. Hat, Galanos' small, close evening cap of black lace. Both: Bonwit Teller. Dress also at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.



THE GALAS
OF GALANOS...
SATIN, LONG
AND WHITE...
SHORT, BLACK,
AND RACY

HORST

ONLY IN VOGUE:
JEAN SHRIMPTON'S
OWN DESIGNS—HER
KIND OF FASHION



Jean Shrimpton, girl wonder, super-model, success-with-a-capital-S...becomes Jean Shrimpton, fashion designer. Here, her own designs—seen for the first time in America—modelled by Herself. British, individual, smashing—spelled S-u-c-c-e-s-s.



...Tab-buttoned shirtwaist, white wool stitched in black.... White cabled skimp sweater snugged into a V-yoked, tuck-gored skirt of camel wool. Sweater of Acrilan. All at Paraphernalia.

DAVID BAILEY

SHRIMP ON FASHION



"I don't like dressing up, but that is simply basic laziness. When one puts on a suit one has to wear it. Casual clothes and no effort. Not that I just throw on anything that comes to hand. I know what I'm going to wear. But there isn't any accomplishment to wearing all those little dolly dresses; everyone looks the same in them. I love simple tailored clothes and think fabrics very important, Harris tweed, corduroy, and needlecord are my favourite and that certain kind of jersey that one finds in France. I like clothes; I know that I won't be a model forever; yet I want to have my own interest and business later. (I don't want to go into films.) So I've started in a small way...but I'm not doing it as a dilettante. I choose the fabrics, I work with a designer and the people who make the clothes up. I'm involved." More about Shrimpton on page 28.

...Tattersall shirt, red-and-black overcheck on white wool; bias yoke, tab closing centred on the V-closing of racy, cuffed camel pants...T-seamed skimmer of camel wool; slash pockets, deep inverted centre pleat. All at Paraphernalia.

DAVID BAILEY



THIS IS THE GO:

OAKLEAF PLAID...OTTER LINED IN NUTRIA...SIDE-CLOSED MINK



If oak leaves were a plaid, left, this is it—
autumn tonalities of green, brown,
yellow for a little wool two-piece dress . . .
unsleeved, belted in back . . . lounging
here against a double-breasted coat of
natural brown otter lined in soft nutria.
Dress: Couture-West by Stanley Sherman,
of Garigue fabric. About $165. Saks Fifth
Avenue; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus;
Frederick & Nelson. Coat by Alixandre.
Halston hat to order: Bergdorf Goodman.
Side-closed mink coat, right: narrow
through the body, wider at the knee,
funnel collar filled here with pale-
brown bogus pearls. Coat by Fredrica,
of Umpa natural dark brown ranch mink.
Harold's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.
Sally Victor hat. Both pages: Complexion-
gloves by Hansen. Laguna jewellery.
All: Henri Bendel. Van Raalte stockings.



Zinging in the rain or shine — three gleamy coats that make any hour or weather their own. With them, it's Anything-Goes. Glistening like a wet suit, left: double-breasted coat of sleek black ciré, belted at waist and wrists. Dashing with a Burgundy-cobra helmet lined and pomponed in black mink... high riding boots over black patterned stockings. Coat by Lilli Ann, in cloqué of Arnel, wool, and nylon (Hurel-TSM fabric). About $125. At Lazarus; Sanger-Harris; Frederick & Nelson.

Fur-lined Anything-Goes coat, right: gleamy black cloqué lined in black-dyed muskrat... double-breasted, back-belted. By Style Trends, of puffed Du Pont nylon. At Lord & Taylor; Blum's, Chicago; Makoff.

Rippled cloqué skimp coat, below: Anything-Goes pared narrow, shining black; added verve here and at right, tiger-striped helmet rimmed in mink. Coat by Main Street, of Estron acetate made puffy by Chem-Stitch. About $40. Bonwit Teller. Both pages: Belle-Sharmeer stockings. Miller's boots. Hansen gloves of Analon nylon, at Bloomingdale's. Helmets by Adolfo.



THIS IS THE GO:
ANYTHING-GOES
COATS... THE ZING
OF GLEAMY BLACK



HORST

THIS IS THE GO:
STEEL GREYS
GOING FOR DAY...
SOOTY BLACK SEAL
RIMMED IN RUFFLES

Steel-grey tweed for day, left:
three-piece suit of grey wool...neatly
tailored jacket with narrow set-in
sleeves, over a little chain-slung shell,
dirndl skirt. By Briarbrook. About $70.
Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel;
Carson Pirie Scott; Bullock's, Downtown.
Monet necklaces. Hat by Sally Victor.
Sooty black seal, right, makes a
romantic little coat for romantic
evenings—lightly shaped, with flirty
black taffeta ruffles framing the
face, fluttering down the side closing.
Delicious with a black velvet fez
strapped under the chin. Coat by Fredrica,
of Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal,
with silk taffeta ruching. Halle Bros.;
Hudson's; Frost Bros. Mr. John hat.
Guardsman's coat, steel grey, below:
trim little wool twill coat going great all day...
shaped, double-breasted, with a notched
collar, slanted flap pockets...
flashing Go with otter-brown boots, fez
of natural grey Persian lamb. Coat by
Robert Fields for Linker. $125.
Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.
Sally Victor hat. Both pages:
Complexion-gloves by Hansen;
at Bloomingdale's. Boots by Golo.
Stockings by Van Raalte.

HORST



HELMUT NEWTON



SPAIN

THE DASH AND FIRE, THE FAULTLESS TAILORING... IN THE NEW SPANISH COLLECTIONS

More zip and zing, more *alegría;* less stately classicism . . . is the word from this year's Spanish Collections. "These are really terrific clothes," one observer said. One thing hasn't changed . . . the marvellous tailoring for which Spain's *alta costura* is famous. Squared coat, far left: one of Elio Berhanyer's superb geometric coats. Robin's-egg blue blanket wool, made in squared sections and beautifully put together with welt seaming. . . . Squared shoulders cut in one piece with the sleeves—like prolonged epaulettes. Black glacé hat. Background, gardens of the Royal Palace in Madrid. Rounded coat, centre left: another triumph by Elio. . . . Lilac blanket wool, everything rounded: collar, shoulders, sleeves—all, outlined by circular rows of welt seaming. Rounded, curving yoke in back. Round white felt hat. Pullover suit, left: top as supple and easy as a sweater . . . raglan sleeves, rolled collar; waistline lifted in front. Narrow skirt. Suit by Vargas, in royal-purple ribbed wool. Black felt hat.

Smashing new suits from Spain . . . Espresso-brown suit, above, in wool gabardine; double-breasted jacket with two buttoned half-belts in back—one above the other. Pink wool jersey shirt. By Carmen Mir. Shirt suit, right, in pale-blue wool gabardine with lots of dash. . . . Shirt-jacket with high, flapped pockets, side vents held by buttoned tabs; panelled skirt. By Rovira. Pullover suit, below—boldly checked; easy little pullover top, box-pleated skirt, of Spanish wool in red-and-fuchsia checks. By Pertegaz; at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Fly-front suit, opposite: Superb tailoring, done with an off-to-the-grouse-moors air by Pertegaz—in peat-brown Shetland tweed. Rounded jacket, fly front, martingale; skirt with a deep pleat. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

SPAIN



HELMUT NEWTON

SPAIN

Spanish pyjamas, Moorish charm, right. Billowy harem pants of pale-pink crêpe, elasticized at the top, and raised to cover the bosom . . . tied high with a pink crêpe sash. Floating seductively around them, a great wavy boa of pale-pink-and-blue ostrich feathers. By Marbel Junior. Beautiful beads of Spain, far right. One of the famous allures of the Spanish couture . . . marvellous, shimmering beaded evening dresses like this. One-shoulder dress of gold raw silk with shining, asymmetric bands of gold bugle beads . . . the bands edged in mock pearls and sprinkled with white crystal flowers, gold-centred. By Bastida.

On both pages: Shoes by Roger Vivier. Coiffures by Hermanos Blanco Isaac. Background, the tiny fifteenth-century village square of Pedraza de la Sierra, near Madrid, and its Romanesque church, San Esteban.



BEAUTY *bulletin*

Face THE *Light*



LIGHT LIKE THIS

can be murderous—or so women seem to think; and so they seek the shadows. The fact is, daylight can glare kindly; to make it do just that, see report at left.

Light-dodgers. You see them everywhere—usually dimly. The women who turn their backs to the light, their faces into the shadows—in restaurants, at parties, in theatre lobbies, everywhere they go. Shadow-gatherers as well as light-dodgers, they believe their faces can't stand up to light. They're convinced their imperfections (that umbrella word designed to cover lines, undereye circles, all forms of un-beauty) are better off when shadows are pulled in around them.

Well, they're wrong, it seems. Or rather largely wrong. (We'll give them this: when the makeup they wear is badly applied, their shadow-seeking instinct isn't unsound—and more about that in a minute.) But for most women, and this means women of any age, light taken full in the face can be for many imperfections an eraser. Provably....

You might prove it to yourself; it takes about two seconds. First, wearing no makeup, take a hand mirror and turn your back to the light. With your face surrounded by shadow, daylight striking the back of your head, look at yourself in the mirror. Notice the depth of lines, the tension, the accentuated darkness of any darkish area. Then, to see just what daylight versus shadow really does to you, turn the situation around. Put your back to shadow, face the light, and look into the hand mirror again. You see? Lines are less deep. Tension is less pronounced. Darkness is modified. The reason is: light lightens depths; it smooths. Same thing is true of artificial light. Taken full face, it's less aging. But there's a hitch. The face must be raised—chin up, head up—to make light-facing work for you.

We first heard the face-the-light theory from Eve of Rome. Having encountered her ripe freshness of face in person during a visit she made last year to—among other places—the little Italian shop called Lord & Taylor, we decided to call on her at her salon on the Via Veneto in Rome recently to see and hear more about light-facing.

"*Allora.* Light *is* the eraser," she began, "but only when you use it right. The posture of the face is very important. Take even the most beautiful young woman. When she holds her head *down* and avoids facing the light, even she, you will find, has bags under the eyes and under the chin. Turn her face up, bags half. Put her uplifted face in the light, bags gone." Looking in the direction of a tall woman just then entering the salon, Eve confided, "Tall women have a complex, by the way. They duck the head. Terrible thing. *Ter*rible . . .".

Why do women hide from light? "They hide because they have lines, because they have big pores, possibly because they have blemishes. They hide because they think they are ugly. And that is silly. If they hide, it's worse. . .". To look young, you need sleep and rest, you need a reasonably pleasant (Continued on page 145)

LIGHT LIKE THIS CAN BE MARVELLOUS

when it beams on hair that's been refreshed in its colouring. Refreshed with a rinse that offers extra colour improvement, extra help in the condition department—and lasts an extra long time. Roux's Fanci-full Rinse Extra is technically "a temporary long-lasting rinse"—which means it will last longer than usual rinses; won't run, won't fade or rub off—and this one isn't fooling. In development for years, it aims to be as well-liked as the famous temporary rinse simply called Fanci-full. The new Extra: at beauty salons only, at present. Gilded Lily: a shade for blondes. Hair arranged by Kenneth. Necklace by Jack Gilbert; this and Eve of Rome's lipstick (Frosted #21) are at Lord & Taylor.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





BEAUTY *bulletin*

THE MISSING PUCCI COMES TO LIGHT

Pucci. You'd know it a mile off; know it
before you might know this—the punchy Pucci,
the Pucci of prints like this, isn't the only
one stirring things up at the moment.
There's this new Pucci: Vivara.
Vivara is a fragrance. It says something
Emilio Pucci thinks needs saying, and that is:
somewhere between scent as we know it today
and incense as it was known in other times,
there is an unexplored note. A note
that grants the skin its special pungency,
the air its rôle—and, in a sensuous,
appreciative way, makes something of them.
Curiously fresh, Vivara is thinkable in sun,
snow, salt water; for a certain contemporary
life that's healthy and attractive. . . .
Velvety tunic, jersey tights: Saks Fifth Ave.;
Neiman-Marcus. Carita's wit: the braids.

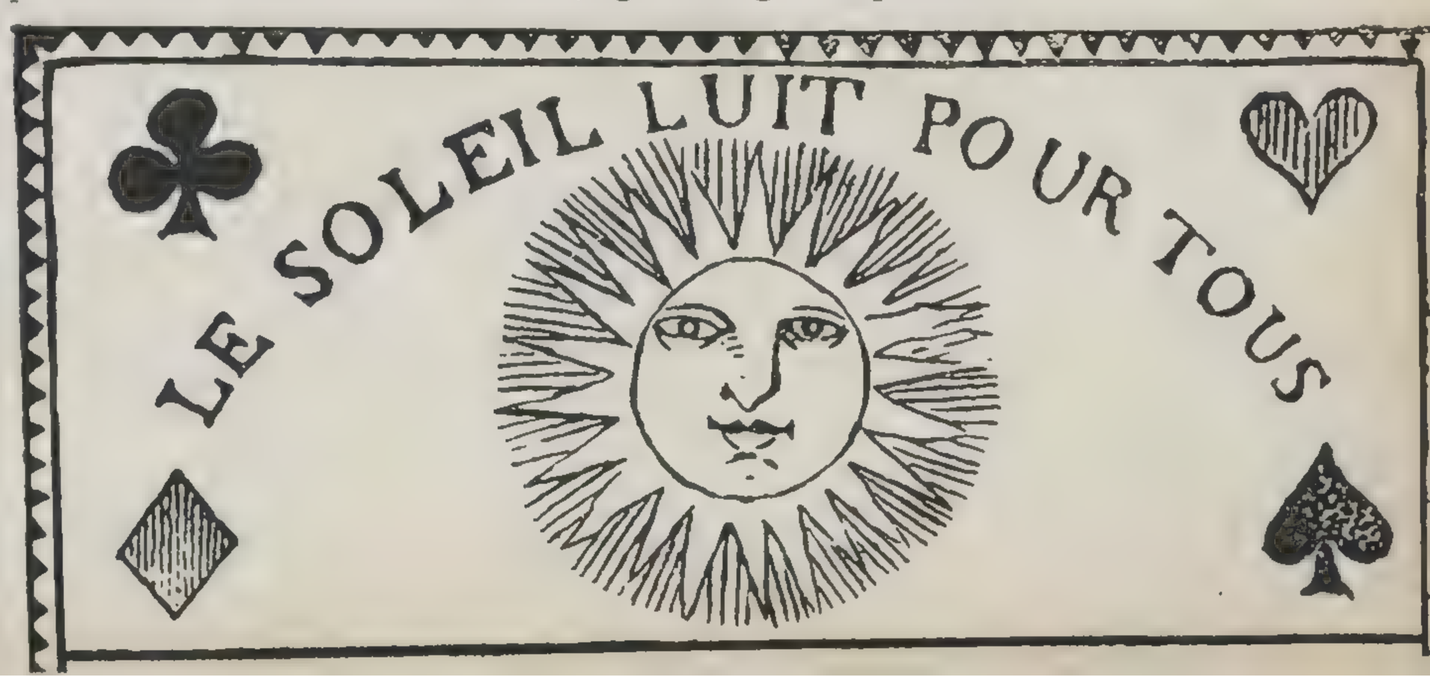
PENN

Face THE *Light*

disposition, you need the things in bottles and jars, *but you need the right light.* "Don't let your hostess seat you where the shadows fall on your face," Eve warned. "Some hostesses are very cross with me when I ask them to change the seating plan. But then I make the party more attractive that way, so they forgive . . .".

Eve's own face is smooth, bright, lineless seeming; it has the glow, the special restedness that seems to be a by-product of Roman life and the soft Roman light—but in her case is portable; she's a dasher. Dealing swiftly with her morning glass of iced *cappuccino,* she returned to the subject of the light-facing woman. "If a woman thinks her face has something to hide, there are two things she must have the courage to do. She must look into the light. And she must *not* cover the skin. There is a way of uncovering the skin with makeup . . . to put on the minimum make-up, but put it on right."

Right, according to Eve, involves sponges to blend almost everything sponge-able—under-makeup moisturizer is sponged to smoothness, the tinted powder base is sponged to tautly-fitted gloss, the creamy blusher is sponged and smoothed into the hairline, at the edges of the face. (The sponge, a little silken thing, is dipped in cold water first, then wrung dry.) . . . Right also includes using only those makeup shades that are light in themselves, with the exception of lipstick (which can have a certain light strength). Eve's eyeliner is thin, almost transparent grey. Her eyebrow makeup is brush-on stuff, but very new: transparent gloss rather than powder or pencil. She chooses light shades of foundation for most of her clients, and into the skin's darkened regions (lines, discolourations) she runs a little something from a miniature light tube she calls Silken Sweep. This is actually a beige-white foundation in a tube with a needle-size nozzle; same stuff is her new favourite for eyelids. Above the eyelids, she feathers in a transparent smudge of pale grey or pale brown shadow. On the eyelashes (dyed, if Eve could have her say, because "here in Rome, you know, the men like to kiss a woman's eyes . . ."), she uses not cake mascara, not liquid mascara, but instead a darkly-stained cake of something that appears to be petroleum jelly—again the idea is to gloss the lashes to make them look well in light. . . . Right also includes restraint. "I think the older one gets, the less makeup. False eyelashes—I would really be appalled in daylight such as we have in Rome and you have in California and Florida. False eyelashes in daylight where the climate is gloomier, fine. And of course fine for evening." . . . Less makeup. Less makeup than *what?* The answer was a demonstration in which *no less* than ten separate makeup products were used. And after which, light-facing was a pleasure. . . .





LIFE INSIDE A BOUQUET

"Flowers, flowers, flowers," glisten in Mrs. Louise Savitt's New York apartment, which blossomed under the green thumb of the decorator William Baldwin. Immaculate, crisp, filled with cottons, braided linen rugs, stuffs as spanking as the inside of a linen closet, this small flat has, on bitterest winter days, a June morning look. In the living room, *opposite*, and dining room opening into it, the yellow of the curtains has the sunny jab of buttercups, repeats itself in plump pillows taped in white. One millefleur cotton print runs through both rooms, its sharp outlines and pungent colours covering couches, chairs, lining bookcases, and flung over the dining table. The apartment's triumph is that, against this hurrah of colours, nothing is lost: Mrs. Savitt's porcelain bowls, lacquered boxes, metal lizards, pillows in rosy velvet, needlepoint, or frail mauve, her books, and her enchanting arrangements of live flowers, all seem brighter, righter for their heady ground of colour.

Mrs. Savitt, opposite,
wearing an Egyptian djellaba, in
her flower-bearing living room,
and, right, *with her son,*
Robert (known as Bobby),
a firecracker of a little boy
going on three.
Above: *Bobby, in his bright nursery—*
the only room
with no fields of flowers.

HORST



...INSIDE A BOUQUET

In Mrs. Savitt's flowering apartment one bright print covers almost everything in her bedroom, *above* and *below*—walls, ceiling, table, the bed itself. The effect is "deliberate pointillism, like a Seurat painting," said Mr. Baldwin. Sheets and heaped pillows in other flower prints further the dazzle, all of it stemmed to a grass-green rug. Throughout the flat, the unhesitant mixing of colours cuts through prettiness with zip. In the living room, a mother-of-pearl and black lacquer table, a white lacquer table, a chair in lavender linen quilted with white wool sustain the room like periods in a paragraph. In the dining room, fine English chairs done in flower print (with extra flower-printed cushions to lean on) stand around a flower-covered table, *opposite*, on which fresh flowers bloom in a porcelain bowl patterned, again, in flowers.



Mrs. Savitt, in her bedroom, above, *settled, like the subject of an Impressionist painting, among flowers, fresh or fancied.*
Left: *In her double-decker closet from which she lifts down clothes with a grocer's pole slipcovered in white velvet.*
Right: *One of Mrs. Savitt's flowers-on-flowers arrangements.*

HORST



Luigi Barzini lives outside of Rome in a house hidden among green plants and flowers. As a contrast to the bright, almost ferocious sunshine, the room where he works seems dark and cool. We talked a bit about his book *The Italians;* I felt as if he were somehow surprised by its great success. Then, quickly, Luigi Barzini went to the subject he knew interested me—food. Interviewing a famous journalist, the son of another famous journalist, was, I discovered, like examining a doctor who has already made his own diagnosis.

"I am a discriminating gourmet," he said. "I believe the simplest things are the most difficult to make. As the French say, you are only a great cook if you can make *l'omelette baveuse.* Great gourmandise begins in the shops; raw material must be carefully chosen. I grow most of my own: chicken, fruits, vegetables. . . .

"When I was a child, my father would do the cooking once in a while: what magnificent dishes! For instance a risotto with partridges, for which he destroyed twelve partridges! They disappeared completely in the sauce; more birds were served on the rice. It was terrific; one spoonful of risotto and you ate a whole bird! He also had composed his own mixture of coffee which he kept on improving, and he toasted and prepared the coffee himself.

"I find the Chinese with the French and maybe the Italian cuisines are the best in the world. Nothing is really surprising in China. The variety of dishes is such that you can choose a very good Italian menu in any Chinese restaurant. The Cantonese cuisine is the most curious one with skinned snakes and dogs. Those things I can't stand.

"American food? Very good except for one thing. America is the only country in which national dishes are not eaten in restaurants. In Paris, you go to a bistro, or La Tour d'Argent, or your second cousin's home: they all have the same *école de cuisine.* In the United States things like Philadelphia Pepper Pot, and real Southern fried chicken can only be found in private houses. If you go to a restaurant it is phony French, Italian, Greek. . . . One thing I must say, soft-shell crabs are perhaps the greatest delicacy in the world."

"What do you hate to eat?" I asked him.

"I hate snobs," he said. "People and dishes trying to pass for better than they really are. Velvety sauces, even if pleasant, give me a (Continued on next page)

LUIGI

BARZINI

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Luigi Barzini is as Italy's Boswell, as a crackling Milanese journalist and politician whose book The Italians, *a best-seller in America, was both excellent popular history and a wry, wise hymn to his country's great accomplishment: "the art of living, this disreputable art." Of his own accomplishments, Luigi Barzini wrote: "Luigi Barzini finds a double career, writer and politician, strenuous, but does not seem to be able to give up the one that interests him less, politics. He is determined, however, not to run again in 1968 for the Chamber of Deputies [where he has been since 1958] and concentrate on writing. The next book by Barzini will* not *be about Italians. It will be about his life in New York in the twenties when he was a student at Columbia University. The older he gets the less he can write because his taste gets more and more fastidious. He has five children. When Barzini gathered the material for the Mastroianni article [see page 121], the director of Mastroianni's new film offered Barzini one of the leading rôles, the lawyer. But Barzini could not accept. The lawyer was to act sporadically all July and August, when people in their right minds take holidays." At his farm outside of Rome, Barzini,* right, *rides "stiff and solemn as an elderly colonel", sees his children, cultivates his garden and grapes, and Sunday cooks as some men Sunday paint. "Pizzas" he once wrote, "are painters' palettes ready to portray a summer sunset."*



LEOMBRUNO-BODI



feeling of being deceived. I want in cooking what I want in literature: controlled simplicity. Fundamental, straightforward, honest ingredients skillfully manipulated but without treason. This is typical of Italian cooking and of Italian life, too. Everything is clear, obvious, visible.

"In the Italian cuisine the colours are clean—yellow for the risotto, red for the tomatoes, bright green for the lettuce; everything as if coloured by a child's crayon. Such simplicity when compared to the French *raffinement!* As you know, simplicity in every art is a point of arrival not of departure. The naïve man is not simple. An example in painting? Morandi, the Italian painter, to me the greatest of our time. He is every one of these things, he tells no stories; with a simplicity that reaches nakedness, he creates a world of magic. . . ."

As for Luigi Barzini's favourite food story—"It happened years ago," he said, "when I was a correspondent for the *Corriere della Sera.* I was sent to wars here and there in China. . . . In December, 1936, on an American gunboat, the 'Panay,' we were sunk along the Yangtze Kiang by the Japanese. An accident, but it was a great international incident. We got lost trying to find our way back to civilization. We marched for days and nights eating practically nothing and scarcely drinking. Finally we met a convoy of river gunboats. I remember getting on board an English ship and the admiral welcoming us with a glass of rum and water, and a sandwich of corned beef. I knew at that moment what paradise will look like to me; when I arrive, there will be an English sailor giving me a tot of rum and a corned beef sandwich."

Here, three recipes from Luigi Barzini:

Spaghetti all'Albertina
(from Luigi Barzini's father)
for four people

1 pound spaghetti
½ cup dry white wine
¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese
¼ pound bacon
4 eggs
Black pepper

Dice the bacon and sauté in a frying pan until the fat is melted and the meat crisp. Add the wine, let it boil until the alcohol has evaporated and juices are reduced to ½ cup. Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water for 12 minutes. Break the eggs into a serving bowl and beat them. Drain the spaghetti and mix it well with the eggs and pepper (no salt is needed as the bacon is salty). Spoon over the bacon, with its fat, sprinkle with the Parmesan and serve.

Saint Antioco's Ravioli
for six people

1 pound sifted flour
1 tablespoon oil
½ pound (2 cups) chopped lean raw country ham
14 ounces marrow
¾ cup butter
⅔ cup chopped pistachio nuts
7 eggs
2 tablespoons water
1 lamb's brain
1½ cups grated Pecorino cheese
Salt, pepper, nutmeg

Put the chopped ham in a bowl. Add the marrow poached for 3 minutes and sliced, the brain cleaned and blanched, 4 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons cheese, 2 eggs, salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. Work everything together to a homogeneous mixture. In another bowl work the flour, the remaining eggs, the water, and the oil to a smooth dough. Let it set for ½ hour, then roll into a thin sheet. Cut with a cookie cutter in circles about 2 inches in diameter. Place a teaspoonful of filling on each raviolo, dampen edges with water, fold over to form a half moon, and press on the edges with the fingers to seal. Cook the ravioli in a large pan of boiling water for 15 to 20 minutes. Drain and place in a warm dish. Sprinkle with half the remaining cheese, the pistachio nuts, and the rest of the butter melted and cooked until brown. Serve with the rest of the cheese separately.

Brodetto for twelve people

1 pound cuttlefish
1 pound sea bass
1 pound whiting
24 scampi
1 pound rockfish or scorpion fish
1 pound red mullet
½ pound fresh okra
1 cup olive oil
1 cup strong red wine vinegar
4 cloves garlic
⅔ cup chopped onions
Parsley, chopped
1 pound tomatoes, skinned and julienned
12 slices French bread
Sweet marjoram (dried or fresh)
Salt and pepper

Cut the larger fish in big hunks. Slice the okra. Heat the oil in a large earthenware casserole and sauté the chopped garlic and onion until golden. Add the vinegar and cook until reduced by one-fifth. Add the parsley, tomatoes, okra, pepper, and 1 teaspoon salt, and cook over a high flame for 5 minutes. Then cover with 2 cups water. When the mixture boils, put in the cuttlefish. After ¼ hour add the rockfish and more salt; after 5 minutes add the rest of the seafood, and continue cooking 10 minutes. Do not stir, or fish will break. Add pepper, and bring the brodetto to the table in the casserole. Serve in soup plates, sprinkle with marjoram. Serve the bread, previously fried in olive oil, separately.

Note: Along with the fish listed above, the true brodetto includes *canocchie,* a species of flat-tailed lobster not available in the United States.

Robert Rauschenberg

(Continued from page 101)

Buster Keaton in a Samuel Beckett, and he projected slides (one of them a view of New York City) onto the body of another dancer. The close of the dance had Rauschenberg, after a kind of Cambodian toe-and-finger wriggling session and an appearance on stilts, alone on a large stage, with a bucket hanging down to his feet. Rolling white clouds, given off by dry ice, foamed from the bucket and crept along the floor (like the fog in old movies about London). It was part of the First New York Theatre Rally, a festival of dance and Happenings, of which he was the sponsor, undertaking to cover the expenses of the Rally. Out of the prize money from the Biennale, I wondered. No, he said, he used that to get a movie camera.

A good deal of the Rally's Audience came mainly to see Rauschenberg, as he danced in his own, or other people's pieces. He is not only a gifted artist, though he is that, he is one of those people whose gifts are, as it were, confirmed by history. He is, just at present, not only an artist of great individuality, but also a representative man, someone whose work and style of living seems to crystallize widespread ideas and attitudes. Consider his prize at Venice: he received it despite a thin showing of his works, half of them off the grounds of the exhibition itself, and, hence, technically, hors concours. Obviously, therefore, the prize was not just given to the art in the Giardino. but to him as an artist of the right sort, a representative man. The painter Suzi Gablik expressed this feeling of Rauschenberg as a man of the time when she answered a question as to why Rauschenberg was important by saying: "Because he is a microcosm of all the things that have happened in art in the last ten years."

Carolee Schneeman, an artist who, like Rauschenberg, is a choreographer, said recently: "Bob has a strong sense of gesture in space, which can be his own body, or tin cans, or turtles." She compares this sense of "space as where something happens" with that of professional dancers, for whom everything originates within the body. The trained body of the dancer is centripetal in its actions, whereas the unprofessional dancer has a centrifugal sense of space as something surrounding him, which he must fill or cross.

Thus, at one time in "Spring Training," Steve Paxton, a producer of the Rally, danced stage centre while off to the side Rauschenberg's son, who is about fourteen years old now, tore up pages from the telephone book very close to a microphone. Neither performer attended to the other's actions, but the two separated points in space were oddly bound together by the amplified, but gentle, tearing sounds.

At another point, the stage was lit only by turtles with flashlights on their backs, inching around the stage, making a spatial plane that stirred and flickered. Could the turtles have been prompted by the May *Scientific American*, which had an article on "The Navigation of the Green Turtle," accompanied by illustrations of a turtle with a radio and antenna on its shell and of several turtles on the beach with attached tags? It would not have been alien to Rauschenberg's imagination to convert technical devices used for migration tracking into a personal and extraordinary image.

As a dancer he is tense and rather deadpan, sometimes resembling a memory of Gary Cooper playing Sergeant York, owing to the fixity of his American look. His movements, except on roller skates in the 1963 "Pelican," tend to be rather deliberate and tentative, as if he were surrounded by great spaces.

It is this sense of the stage as awkward distances which Carolee Schneeman referred to. Whereas the trained dancer occupies space easily, the untrained dancer gropes and lunges with a nervous physical actuality. Rauschenberg's work in the dance is not an isolated gesture but one which

(Continued on page 154)



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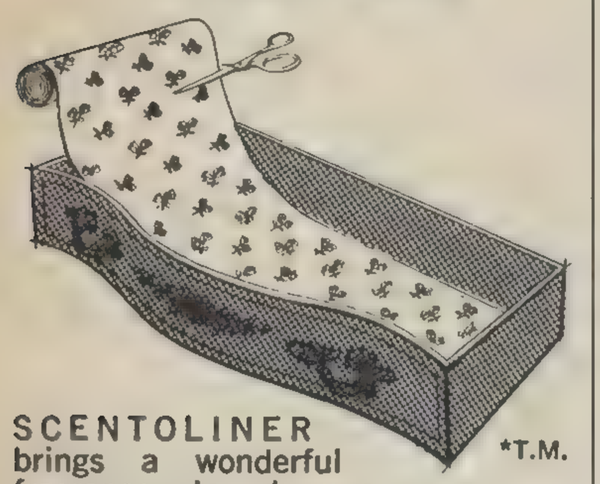
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Robert Rauschenberg

(Continued from page 153)

typifies many discontents and experiments in New York in the past six years. The dance is a route of expansion, beyond pure painting and sculpture.

Another is movies, an area in which increasing work has been done by artists. The third route, mixing the visual arts and theatre, is the Happening. The three directions have in common artists extending their work into space and mixing, with happy adulterations, various media.

Here is a question to add to those psychological probes that insurance companies reportedly give drivers to discover prospective risks. It could be slipped in between, say, "Do you think a third World War is inevitable?" and "Do you have recurring dreams?"—which supposedly reveal fatalism and obsessiveness respectively. My question is designed to reveal adaptive awareness of our environment. Do you think that artists, as a group, as a profession, are more intelligent and more vigorous than writers, composers, or dancers? If you answer "yes" to this question, your chances of driving through Rauschenberg's big painting, the world, are better than if you say "no."

One sign of the present vigour of artists is, paradoxically, their efficacy in other arts. What artist do you think of in relation to the movies? Andy Warhol's films have put various set ideas about movie-making on the spot in two continents, and dances by artists are important, but what art by actors or dancers have you seen lately that you would care to remember? It is a fact that artists tend to be enterprising and problematic in other fields, questioning conventions of dance or movies taken for granted by stay-at-home professionals.

An extension of his activities into dance is not the only, not even the main, way by which Rauschenberg proposes that the world be considered as one "gigantic painting." Consider two characteristic works (reproduced on pages 102 and 103) that represent different phases of his art, "First Landing Jump," 1961, and "Persimmon," 1964.

In the first, a canvas, wired for electricity, carries various objects, including an automobile tire that projects forward and rests on the floor. Such works, hungry for the evidence of daily life, are called "combine-paintings" by Rauschenberg: objects are combined with the traditional rectangle of the canvas and with painted surfaces rather like those of abstract paintings of the fifties.

"Persimmon," on the other hand, is a flat painting, with no attachments or additions, but employing images that are ready-made. Here is an image of Rubens's "Venus at her Toilet" (Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna) embedded among technological imagery and colour splashes.

The images are silk-screened, which means that a photographic print is made to Rauschenberg's size specifications and transferred to a silk and glue stencil. When the artist inks over the stencil, while it is pressed on his canvas, the ink penetrates the silk but is blocked by the glue, thus producing the selected image.

The method is partly mechanical, partly manual: images are dark or light, clotted or blurred, according to the artist's painterly decisions. Thus, with one process, he can produce images that look as "real" as blurred newsprint or a television screen, but the blurring has a painterly as well as a significant function. Ambiguous images and solid objects both declare their source in the world beyond the painting.

Despite kinetic art and lapidary poetry, there is a fundamental difference between the arts of space and of time. Painting and sculpture are, basically, space arts, displays that are divulged as a single visual whole. On the other hand, writing, music, and the movies are time arts, dependent on duration and one direction.

Happenings, movies, and dance are all exercises in time by artists trained to the space arts. (By comparison, abstract artists remain austerely, and sometimes primly, within the purity of their single medium.) Rauschenberg's choreography, his use of light (the naked bulb in "First Landing Jump," for instance), and the use of sound, in dances and paintings, all embody his sense of time. Even when he paints and prints flat, as in "Persimmon," the Baroque goddess and twentieth-century hardware are contrasted (something old, something new). Here he illustrates contrasts in historical time; elsewhere he evokes the extension of the work of art itself in time. Back in 1953. for example, he made a "Dirt Painting," in which he grew grass.

Time underlies the use of sound in Rauschenberg's art. A recent work consists of five hunks of sculpture on wheels, made from such objects as a car door, a cement-mixing tank, an air-conditioning duct. The pieces are not only movable, they are dispersible, up to a certain range still to be determined because, so far, they have only been seen jammed up in one room of a brownstone.

The ensemble is called "Oracle" because of its sibylline chatter produced by the rising and falling volume of sound and the continuous tuning of five radios carried in one of the sculptures, which transmit to receivers in the other pieces. One of the sculptures is a fountain, the water of which, compared to the "sound collage" of the radios, was described by the artist as "running sound."

The work of art is thus made to echo the unpredictability and complexity of the environment that contains it. The circuitry for "Oracle," incidentally, cost several thousand dollars. The sculpture exists not only because of Rauschenberg's creative imagination, but also because of his affluence. It is the kind of project that once would have remained in the artist's sketchbook, but Rauschenberg can afford to make it, now, as a full-scale demonstration of his aesthetic.

Rauschenberg is a star of the

new style of artists who enjoy not instant (as their critics say) but early success, more luxuriant than that bestowed on other generations of twentieth-century American artists. However, fame was far short of automatic, and it was never sought for. The story is that Rauschenberg's "Bed," a famous object of 1955, which consists of his paint-splashed quilt and pillow, was made because he couldn't afford canvas.

He developed early, which means that he has a long working life behind him, and one marked by immense energy. In 1951, when he was twenty-six, he made two works which blocked in, roughly but potently, two enduring themes of his later work. In that year, Rauschenberg exhibited a "White Painting," which consisted of seven bare panels of primed and sized canvas: "airports for . . . lights, shadows, and particles," as composer John Cage called them. The space up front, out before the canvases, where lights change, spectators move, and dirt is generated, was important, not an illusion of space within the paintings themselves.

Ever since then, in one way or another, Rauschenberg's work has been connected with the environment. In the same year, Rauschenberg made "blueprints" in which he produced images by laying objects on a sensitized surface. One blueprint was a life-size white shadow of his wife. His interest in ways of producing images directly, by the imprint of the object itself, even a living body, has never left him. Literal representation and a conception of space as a random, indefinite area are constant in his work, though taking various forms.

Many of the shocks that Rauschenberg's art has given people, as well as the pleasures, are a result of his permissiveness as to materials. Junk, sound, the spectator, can all enter his work without violating it. He can absorb just about anything into his art. He uses this boosted vocabulary with the inflections of an ordinary human voice, without exoticism, without symbols (for example, the stuffed angora goat he once used in a combine is certainly *not* a scapegoat).

Rauschenberg's imagination may be literal with a passion for concrete, physical objects, but the objects become art.

How? Art exists only when there are signs. Without the recognition of signs communicating an artist's identity or an aesthetic, there is only nature. However, anything can be a sign, provided it is made part of a system which is consistent enough for us to see and learn. The complexities of Rauschenberg's art are achieved on the basis of one simple decision, which is to count anything as art.

As he puts together objects and images, sounds and spectator contacts, he creates a system of signs as surely as any artist. His is an art which stretches toward the world around it, the world that is not art, but it does not disappear into it. Simultaneity, with all its overlapping, in a sprawling and eruptive release from classification ("I want to escape categories," Rauschenberg has said), is his passion. He once wrote of the artist's "frustration . . . in not being able to extend the scale of his signs to invisibility and continue."

The artist has described the kind of structure that exists in his work by the oxymoron "random order." Since random means "unpredictable" and order means "lawfulness," we have to check on what "unpredictable lawfulness" might be. It is the key to the painting which is the world that we inhabit. Rauschenberg takes the city as his example of "an extremely complex random order that can not be described as accidental." He combines objects and images without prejudice to their original identity, but encouraging the emergence of multiple meanings, as the tire becomes art, and the art of Rubens enters the art of Rauschenberg, and so on.

In fact, a combine-painting is the product of a kind of rendezvous technique, the name given to the joining of the separately-launched parts of a satellite or rocket in outer space. Rauschenberg's art is, similarly, an open-structured conjunction. Unity is a compilation of parts of diverse origin which are not shielded by an aerodynamic envelope or by a continuous skin of paint. The multiplicity of objects and systems in the lives of us all are caught by his technique.

There is an industrial landscape spread around the world, but the United States is famous for it: the scene of abundance and obsolescence. Personal waste lots, with beds, buckets, prams, stuffed birds, clocks. Industrial waste lots, including automobile dumps with crumpled hoods, pimpled chrome, ripped-off doors, and license plates from all over. Related to this culture of junk by its pervasiveness and commonness is the imagery of newspapers, magazines, and television. By repetition, these images become the most intimate record of reality.

Rauschenberg has used both public junk (in the combines) and the public heap of imagery (in the silk-screen paintings) as a vernacular style, common to the artist and his spectators. Photographs, painted-printed onto canvas, of the New York skyline with water tanks, radar bowls like a mad scientist's spider web, JFK, missiles, dials, the sea, are clichés pressing the reflex of familiarity only to dissolve it in a flow of connections (everything comes to resemble everything else as photographic records of the world multiply). We can see, therefore, that Rauschenberg wasn't fooling when he proposed the world as one "gigantic painting."

What would a world that was like a painting by Rauschenberg be like? The way in which the world resembles his painting right now can be summed up in the question: "Do you think it is a big, simple world, or a small, complex one?" If the latter, then read on.

The world has been, of course, shrunk by instant communications, and is now filled with messages. Car radios, Mu-

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(Continued on page 98)

had to put on a new show practically every evening. They changed voice, face, bodily appearance, mood, century, and nationality every time, and kept all these different persons in their heads. "Critics," Mastroianni bemoaned, "also praise the little mannerisms I invent for each impersonation, like Baron Cefalù's nervous tick of sucking his teeth with the left side of the face in *Divorce—Italian Style*. Such expedients have been known for ages by all good character actors. Some are cheap, like stuttering, speaking without the 'r,' or lisping. Some are a little more ingenious, like one Lucien Guitry employed, who always turned a blank letter upside down before reciting its contents to show it was a real letter and that he was really reading it."

Talent, Mastroianni firmly believes, is not the only explanation of his rocket-like rise to fame. "Talent is not enough," he said firmly. He is a talented actor, he admits, but there are several in Italy and many in the world as good as he, few of whom have reached his popularity with the public. He likes to point out that, of course, talent is never enough without technique, but even great talent supported by the shrewdest technique can not go far, except with the intellectual critics. "There have been great actors in the movies at all times," he said. "Fredric March and Marlon Brando are the first names that come to my mind, but they seldom achieved the success of a few lesser men who imperturbably impersonated themselves movie after movie. Those possessed a particular personal quality." Talking about these matters recently, he picked up a pencil from the table to illustrate his views: "Talent is a pencil, see? Technique is the art of sharpening it. Choose the best pencil, choose the most modern electric sharpener . . . you still have nothing, because what counts is what comes next, what you do with the well sharpened pencil, the things you draw or the things you write."

* * *

Mastroianni is forty-one years old, born in Fontana Liri, in the province of Frosinone, September 28, 1924. He was brought to Rome at the age of three. He studied to become a *perito edile*, a noncommissioned officer of the construction engineering trade. He is a good mathematician, a capable surveyor, a skillful designer, and paints better than the Sunday amateur, almost as well as a professional. The feeling for form runs in the family: his father was a cabinetmaker who invented and designed most of his own models; Uncle Umberto is a well known sculptor.

At the end of the war Giulietta Masina, Fellini's wife, who had acted with Mastroianni in amateur theatricals, got him a small job in a stock company. From there he was plucked by Luchino Visconti, who gave him a few good parts in the great plays he produced and directed in the late forties and early fifties. Mastroianni was Cavalier di Ripafratta in Goldoni's *La Locandiera*, one of the sons in *Death of a Salesman;* he was, at one time or another, both men in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and the little doctor in *Uncle Vanya*, all Visconti productions which are considered landmarks in Italian theatrical history. At the same time, to make a little extra money, he got small jobs in the movies. He was perennially cast as the loafer, the good-for-nothing, the idler, and always asked to speak in *romanesco*, the heavy Roman dialect of the people.

The break came in 1957, and he consciously engineered it. "I cheated"; he smiles when he remembers what he did. "I deceived my best friends. I had to do it to get my big chance." He was in Turin with the company of *Uncle Vanya* in 1957. Uncle Umberto, like a good uncle, was struck by his nephew's unique talent and told him he was wasted in a stock company travelling from place to place, even in plays written by great writers and directed by Visconti. He told his nephew to try the movies. Mastroianni pointed out he had tried the movies with little success. "I have rich friends in Turin," said the uncle, "I will get one hundred million together and you can then star in a movie of your own." One hundred million lire do not flutter in the air like butterflies, to be bagged by sculptors and unknown actors. Uncle Umberto was obviously dreaming out loud.

Back in Rome, Mastroianni told Visconti: "I have one hundred million to be invested in a movie. Have you an idea?" There weren't many movies being made at that time. Visconti was idle. He turned to Suso Cecchi d'Amico, one of the best writers in the business, who always wrote his screenplays, and asked her if she had an idea. She, being the daughter of Italy's most revered literary critic, Emilio Cecchi, asked papa. Papa thoughtfully sucked his pipe and said: "There is a small thing by Dostoevski, *White Nights*, which could be turned into a modern movie, if you had the right actors." Visconti, Suso, and a couple of collaborators got down to work, fell in love with the story. At the end of some months they had a complete script. At this point Mastroianni confessed that he did not have the one hundred million necessary. Nobody minded. They had a wonderful story, written exactly for him and for nobody else, to be directed by Visconti. Any producer would have grabbed the chance. One did. Mastroianni proved himself a superb moving-picture actor, even better than he had been on the stage. His next good film was *La Dolce Vita*. *8½* followed. Mastroianni was in orbit, a worldwide celebrity and, within a few years, a multi-millionaire.

* * *

Journalists, of course, have no doubts. They list a certain number of conventional explanations for his rise to fame, none of them blatantly false but all of them absolutely worthless when examined closely. Many say he is a Sex Symbol. He is, according to popular magazines, today's version of Rudolph Valentino, Charles Boyer, Rossano Brazzi, the eternal Casanova every woman wants to be seduced by. Is he? The characters he portrays seldom have the enamelled perfection required. Only Baron Cefalù had the shiny brilliantined hair, the mouse-tail moustache, the sharp clothes, the long cigarette holder, and the dreamy eyes of the seducer, but he was a funny parody of one. His other characters usually lack the *aisance*, the self-possession, the male brutality, all the qualities necessary to silence a quivering woman's doubts and to make her wish to annul herself in a man's muscular embrace. This, some journalists point out, is true but does not diminish his fatal charm: if he had Valentino's qualities, he would get nowhere with modern women. Women no longer want to be smothered with charm and forced against their wish. The world has changed. His success with them is due to the fact that he looks tired, with bags under his eyes, uncertain, perplexed, a man in need of guidance and protection. It is all this that women now find irresistible.

Obviously there is some truth in this, but probably not enough to be the principal justification of his fame. He does not think of himself as a Latin Lover. "There are better Latin Lovers than I in the movies and in the waiting rooms of agents and producers," he says. His success with women is far from phenomenal. "I thought that when one became a famous star, one had women at one's feet all the time, one found them hidden in one's closet or under one's bed, eager victims.

(Continued on page 158)

Robert Rauschenberg

(Continued from page 155)

zak, transistor radios (hand size for the subway, larger for stoop life on the West Side). movies in airplanes, movies in the landscape, movies with round corners. The traditional limits of the distribution of art have changed no less than the scatter of entertainment. Museums on Sundays draw crowds as movie theatres used to. artists have museum retrospectives while still in their thirties (Rauschenberg for one). As everybody knows, art reproductions are a profitable part of the visual explosion. and the world's original art is on wheels, racing from place to place.

This speedup and saturation in communications has not only shrunk the world but crowded it. Connectivity increases and tangles in a small world: politically speaking there are no more "far places." In magazines, editorial matter and advertising interlock, producing not a double image but a composite. Every aspect of our culture is touched by this coalescence of once separated places and events. The avant-garde is precipitated straight into public, and the audience can't wait.

Taste is not stable, possessed at leisure by its originators, to judge from the resentment teenagers are supposed to feel about their parents' acceptance of rock 'n' roll. Artists in New York. in the past six years, have contributed to this running-togetherness, both by their versatility and by their pursuit of mixed media art, such as Happenings or combines.

Baudelaire praised women's makeup because it interposed an artificial and ideal form on raw nature. When he did so. he was honouring powder and rouge as if they were the painter's colours, for their traditional rôle was to depict "nature improved." Life, elaborately filtered and reshaped, might become art.

Rauschenberg, on the contrary, has always worked to reduce the number of steps in the artistic process. Instead of modelling or carving a circular form, for example, he uses a real automobile tire; instead of drawing every detail of, say, water tanks against an evening sky, he transfers, or prints, a photographic image onto paper or canvas.

Thus, the incorporation of bits of the world and the use of silk screens are alike in that both techniques contract lengthy procedures. Quotations from waste lot or junk shop and the blurred traces of "real life" photographs eliminate many of the traditional stages of representation. In place of the painted image, the form or the textures of life are abruptly present.

Traditional skills persist in Rauschenberg but in an underground way. One point of contact with past art, and certainly an unexpected precedent, is his admiration for Leonardo da Vinci's "Annunciation," an early work in the Uffizi. "His painting was life." he told an interviewer. "The tree, the rock, the Virgin are all of the same importance in the same time—there is no hierarchy."

Whether or not a Renaissance art historian would go all the way with this reading, its relevance to Rauschenberg's unaccented works is unmistakable. For instance, in "First Landing Jump," the Connecticut license plate and the tire, both combined with the painting, should not be construed as an iconography of journeys, highways, car wrecks, or Detroit. There is no hierarchy in Rauschenberg and no program.

Craftsmanship has also been proposed as evidence of old masterliness in him. Rauschenberg's dealer, Leo Castelli, told me recently that every inch of a Rauschenberg was thoughtfully considered and hand done—not like Andy Warhol, he said. Actually, it may be argued that the more Rauschenberg relies on traditional artistic criteria, the less vigorous his art. The climax of traditional Rauschenberg is the Dante drawings executed in 1959-60. These drawings combine images transferred from *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *Sports Illustrated* and touched by watercolour and crayon. The resulting imagery is a series that is elegiac in complexion and refined in detail. It performed the kind of function for Rauschenberg that life drawings used to do for abstract artists: "Ah, he *can* draw." The evidence of patience and the display of elegance secured his popularity as "a serious artist."

It is impossible not to view these works as concerned either with the Inferno of modern life or as a sign of the timelessness of Dante's classic. These bromides have encouraged allegorical interpretations of Rauschenberg's imagery and thus, to some extent, weakened the rest of the work. Ultimately it is the whole work of an artist, not just an episode of it, that one loves or leaves alone, so that strong or weak phases tend to echo through the whole oeuvre.

More fruitful in the long run than gentility and over-obvious seriousness is Rauschenberg's restlessness and flair for the drastic. "Persimmon," for example, is one of a three-year series of flat paintings, now over since Rauschenberg is reported to have destroyed the silk screens, feeling that the repeating images had been milked dry.

This abrupt stopping of one activity and turning to another is characteristic of his capacity for fast decisions and clear statements. At least two earlier groups of work in the fifties were not just stopped but destroyed; it is precisely this brusqueness and courage that, though missing from the pearly montages of the Dante set, have shaped his best work.

The question is, now, what next? Without turning crystal gazer, one anticipates that his native energy, which is as involuntary as breathing, interacting with the accumulation of fifteen years' experience as a working artist, will issue in extraordinary works.





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Mastroianni

(Continued from page 156)

Nothing like that ever happens to me," he complains. "Schoolgirls want my autograph, that's all." Probably some women are kept away by his prejudices. He does not like them famous, well dressed, well made-up, well *coiffées*. "I like them to smell a little," he confessed. "Italian women have a body fragrance I could recognize in the dark. It is a sort of homely odour. I love it." He does not like them to be anonymously pretty, without character. "When I have been with too many beautiful women of that kind," he joked, "I long for a girl with buck teeth, crossed eyes, and bandy legs." He also wants women to make him feel like a man. The ease with which many contemporary ones can be pushed over shocks his old-fashioned prejudices. He loves the way his widowed mother still looks upon him with the traditional awe and respect of Italian women for the head of the family and is inordinately proud of the fact that women admire him all over the world.

He hates parties, film festivals, noisy press conferences, rowdy personal appearances. He loves obscurity, silence, the well-known friends with whom he talks in verbal shorthand, people he can trust. He loves his houses, especially his farm in Tuscany, filled with old furniture, where he wears old clothes and goes snooping in the kitchen to uncover simmering pots and find out what he's going to eat. He loves family life. He quarrels with his wife, of course, because she has a strong character and firm ideas, but "that's one of the ways of love." He loves his teen-aged daughter. "Everything in the world is uncertain, ephemeral, deceitful, here today and gone tomorrow," he said. "Only the family is stable, something that will always be there. Only family sentiments are durable." All this does not add up to the conventional image of Casanova. In fact, his private life is practically blameless. No gossip has touched him.

Many European critics have another explanation. According to them, the character he interprets is that of befuddled man in a world in which all firm values have vanished, who tries to discover new rules with which to resume playing the game of life, but is perennially defeated by the mass industrial civilization; a lone individual vainly trying to follow his own private path to happiness, only to find it blocked at all turns. He has been compared to a modern Charlie Chaplin, without the clown makeup and the funny clothes, but just as pathetic. In other words, as one Italian writer expressed it, "perhaps he is still the character actor of his first secondary rôles in movies, the drifter, the failure, the anti-hero, the idler who could not make up his mind, too frightened of deluding himself. Only now such a man has become the protagonist, a meaningful symbol of our times. People recognize themselves in him. This is perhaps a revealing sign of the era we live in." This interpretation of Mastroianni, he admits, is a good enough description of him. He is a Roman who loves, understands, and fears life as good sailors love, understand, and fear the sea; skeptical and ironic because he knows one can easily get hurt if one does not protect oneself; a Roman, furthermore, of this generation, whose diffidence and mental defenses have been strengthened by all the false hopes, the defeat, and the terrible disorder of the postwar years.

"I am lazy," he proclaimed. "Mastroianni è pigro," they all say around him to explain many of his oddities. This laziness of his is now a legend. "I am lazy for many reasons—not to get involved in anything that I might regret later, not to make mistakes, not to be done in by smart people, not to rush into things I will regret." His vaunted lack of interest in women (and many women's lack of interest in him, when they finally meet him at close quarters) is incidentally due in part to his particular kind of laziness. "I like the movies," he confessed, "because I am lazy. They shelter you from everything. You go to the studio, stay there twelve hours a day, follow instructions, and worry about nothing." There are hundreds of stories illustrating this aspect of his character, some of them surely exaggerated, many circulated by him. Everybody who has worked with him has his favourite one. This is Fellini's: "Marcello comes on the set at eight but does not really wake up until ten. He sleeps when they make him up and does not know what happens to him. Once he was rubbing his forehead and I told him: 'Look out, you are spoiling that beautiful bullet wound.' He had a round red bullet hole for one of the tentative ends of *8½* I was shooting. 'A bullet hole?' he asked incredulously, 'Where?' "

His apparent uncertainty, his pathetic and transparent loneliness in a complex world, his laziness are among the qualities which have made some of his impersonations memorable; they certainly contributed to his success, but not in the simple way critics believe. He does not memorize his part, for example, "because," he says, "I am lazy." It is true: he reads the script only once, just before shooting, or even before that, when he has to make up his mind about whether to play the part or not. He never looks at the script again. This is not really because he is lazy, as he pretends, or not *entirely* because he is lazy. What interests him is not the detail but the general design, the meaning of the character he is to portray in that particular kind of story. When his turn comes, he asks the script girl or the director: "What am I supposed to say here?" They tell him and he recites the longest lines with the necessary expression. He seldom repeats the exact words. "Movie

dialogue is not important," he explains. "It's not literature." He improvises words of the kind the character would say in that particular situation. He invents his own expressions, uses exclamations and phrases which would come naturally to the man he is supposed to be. "I do what actors have always done in Italy," he explains. He also does what the heroic, old, stock company actors did, who always used to repeat what the prompter told them in whispers.

All this, the dozing between takes, the relaxed attitude, the joking in Roman dialect with the carpenters and the electricians, is really his method. When he acts on the spur of the moment, so to speak, keeping the character well in mind, everything takes on a fresh, improvised, spontaneous quality, which it would not have if he had repeated the words to himself a thousand times and rehearsed the gestures until numb. Monicelli says of him: "There is an 'Italian quality' about his acting which I can not define. He is not the caricature of an Italian as foreigners see him. He is measured and economical. He does not grimace and gesture. And yet, he portrays the Italian way of living, seeing things, doing things as nobody else can, in a way which is universally understood."

He is, of course, all the things journalists have said: a good actor, a Latin Lover of sorts, the symbol of lost humanity in the industrialized jungle, frightened and bored, a relaxed and lazy man. But his great quality is yet another. He says he must feel comfortable in the skin of the character he is to interpret. "Perhaps I, too, impersonate only myself," he explained, "time and again, but there are many more Mastroiannis than meet the eye." To do this he must choose the story very carefully. Some he keeps in mind for years and trusts to a favourite writer to hatch. A few are offered to him ready-made. He sometimes follows a favourite idea from embryo to finished script until he is absolutely certain of every detail. He endlessly and acutely debates scenes and fine psychological points with writers and directors. He wants to be convinced. For a lazy man, he admits he works very hard when choosing and preparing a script. "I read many stories; I see directors and producers for long conferences; I talk with the business people, I discuss everything with my wife and my friends," he recalled. And that is his real work. Without it he wouldn't be as famous. In the end there is only the acting to do, which he considers the easiest part. "Movies," he said, "are fun until you start shooting. After that everything is dull routine."

How does he choose the next story? "You have to be alive, live with people, listen to what is being said around you, sense what is in the air," he said. "If I lived away from Rome, the smell, the noise, the faces, the gossip, the air, the stones of Rome, the little *trattorie*, I would really become impotent. Movies are not made by one man alone, or by few men, but by everybody around you. They tell me I must go to America, they offer me fabulous contracts. I like America, for a visit, a holiday. I have been there five times in three years. I like Americans. They are friendly and without envy. I remember one day, in the lobby of a New York hotel, an elderly man stopped by me. He was well dressed and imposing. He said: 'Mastroianni? The Organizer? I admire you. I too was a socialist once.' And shook my hand. I could make one movie in America, as an adventure, as one goes on a safari or reaches the North Pole. But I could not go to Hollywood for keeps, start all over again, as if I were twenty once more. I could not do it and survive as an actor."

And this, of course, is the clue. When you chat with him, *à bâtons rompus*, between takes in the cavernous darkness of a studio, at a small café at night, or walking with dogs in the Tuscan countryside, you discover a certain number of curious things. He uses an incredible wealth of apt and well chosen words (on the set, he improvises better lines than most of his writers can or dare to write); he uses by preference the informal jargon of Roman intellectuals among themselves, when they do not try to impress anybody; he defines things (emotions, persons, situations, colours, scenes) with uncanny precision. You have the sensation of facing a writer and not an actor.

In reality he is a weird modern variety of the writer, the man who does all the things a good novelist does except put pen on paper. Mastroianni is all this, a perceptive, inventive, and articulate artist, but also an intelligent human being. He is intelligent and aware that it is the kind of man he is (shaped by blood, Italy, experience, wife, family, love, and fear of life) who has somehow become a symbol of sorts. This man is made transparently accessible to the film-going public by his talent and his technique. But it is the man and not the talent and technique that the multitudes want to admire.

He is not the dominator, seducer, and winner of past decades. And yet he is not the perplexed, lost, frightened man some critics describe. He is a brave and lonely man, refusing to be taken in and enslaved by the idols of modern life: wealth, fame, the impeccably beautiful women, the many duties necessary to survive in the Organization. He could not care less. In life and in his pictures (those pictures he selects to fit him exactly) he does all the things a cautious man should not do if he wants to avoid defeat—and yet Mastroianni survives; does not get hurt too much, and sometimes even wins. That his success is due to this, the human stuff he is made of, he probably knows. Once he said to me: "When I choose a story, I contribute ideas to a script, I act, I must at all cost forget one thing. It is not easy. I must forget I am an actor. The moment I think of myself as an actor, I am finished. I must remember only that I am a man." Man is a big word.

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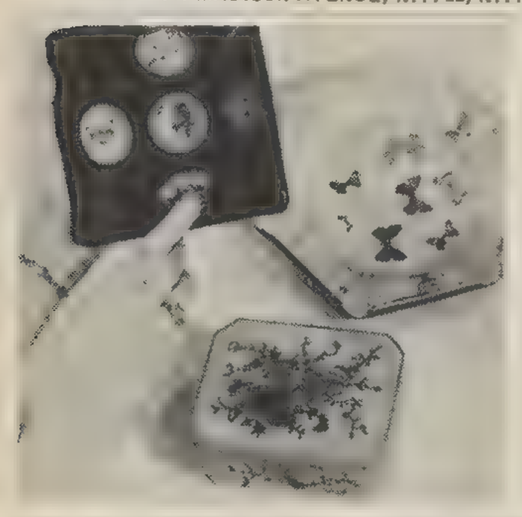


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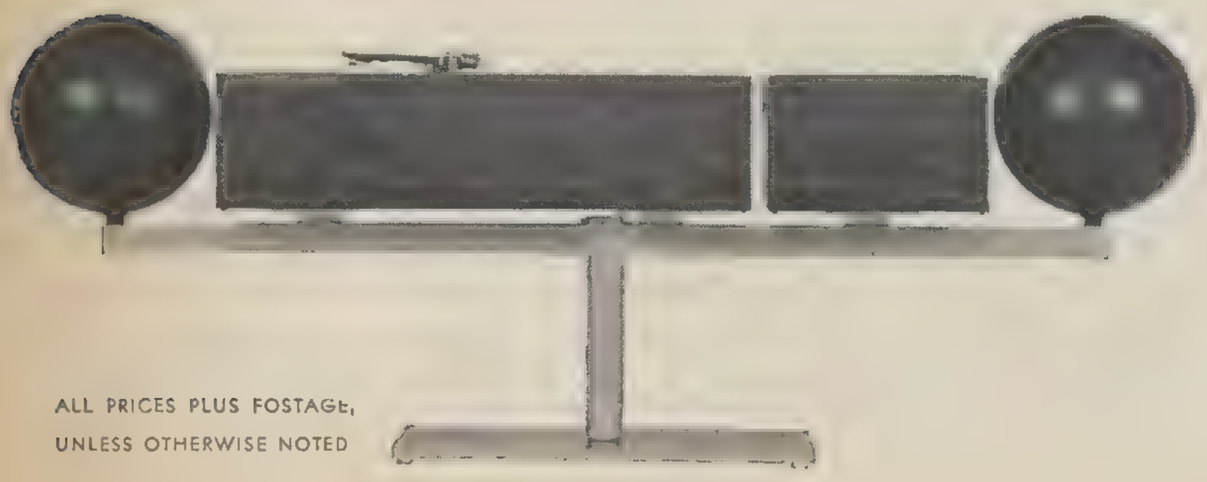


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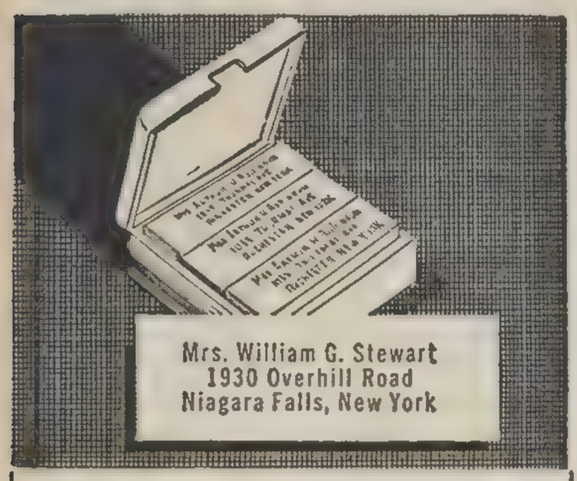
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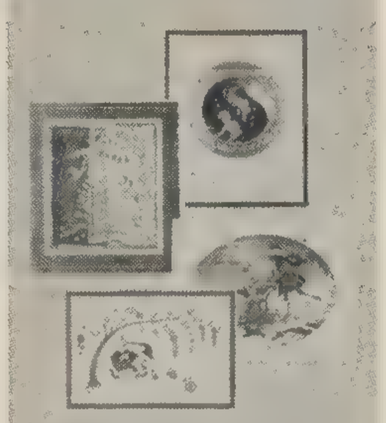
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Is there sex in heaven?

There was this woman at a New York shop who took one whiff of a new fragrance and said to her friend, "Isn't this pure heaven?" "Heaven, nonsense," sneered her cohort. "This is *sexy*." Well, if a determined mix of cardamon and cassis, ginger and nutmeg, is sexy, Tuvara is. Named after the daughter of the late Mme. Tuvaché, author of Jungle Gardenia (the pet, remember?, of one of our most alluring movie queens), Tuvara comes in fifteen forms, starting a couple of months ago, ranging from perfume through purse sprays through skin perfume through powder through soap. We cite, fascinatedly, the bath perfume, a composition with a presence, a substance that lingers on indefinitely. Its concentrated staying power actually seems to mingle with the skin. All this and heaven too. . . .

About a woman with a wit keen as a razor

"Did somebody use my razor today," yowled a threatening, tormented voice from the bathroom. "No, nobody did," chirped a sweet, self-satisfied voice from the kitchen. Latter voice belonged to a shaver, female edition, who'd just latched on to her own pink version of a lady's shaver, meant to peek into the nooks and crannies of underarms and underknees—and that sort of thing. . . . Thing is, in addition to saving her husband's razor blades, she'd read an article in *Today's Health* which assured her that there were no actual medical reasons against using this tenderized blade on the face. "After all," reported the magazine, "men have been shaving for thousands of years without any side effects of a medical nature." Particular hair-scraper, named Beauty-Razor by Lady Eversharp, is practically as long as your hand; is white, pink, or blue; has specially careful edges; a rolled guard bar, a shielded angle to the blade; a flip bar for razor cleaning; an injector battery of blades. . . . Goodness, what doesn't it have, and why doesn't he stick with his own?

Hair control, under control

This creature wanted bulk at the top of her hair. But not at the bottom. Longed for a lot of body near the scalp, but ends—soft and natural, please. Solved it with a setting gel, one of those controllable things that doesn't drip, *can't* drip. With the gel that set the pace for gels, named Dep, presumably after Deprovinyllol, an ingredient the constitution of which beats us, but it does seem to be something that hair is charmed by. ("Dep-astating," said a joker present for the testing.) Shimmeringly gelatinous, with all the pretty aspects of aspic, Dep is rather colour-coded. Crystalpink Dep holds a

set from shampoo to shampoo, directs itself to hair not terribly in trouble, that mysterious hair known as normal. Super Dep is a marmalade aspic for "difficult and hard-to-hold hair." Silverblu Dep, a blue confection for grey, white, or silver-blond hair, aims to correct yellow while it adds persistent body. . . . All of this no longer the exclusive property of hairdressers, but ready for civilians, too, along with an icy-blue Dep for men to straighten out their coifs, greaselessly, every morning.

Night and day, could you and this be the one?

It's not the hours you've passed, it's where you've passed them, certain dermatologists have been saying lately about the aging of skin. What does the aging, they hold, are the dirty air; the smoke; the radiator. Cold snippery; hot steamery; sun burnery. So how to get around this? A barrier that would fence off the skin, give the face private protection, decided the noted Chas. Pfizer scientific research organization and Coty, when the two joined hands. The Pfizer-Coty brain trust found a way to add Filtrum-A, a screener-outer of glare and sun, to a moisture emulsion base—and this became the heart and soul of a group called Beauty Climate under Coty's distinguished signature. Idea: Surrounding each face with its own just-about-impervious climate. . . . Night and day, in the roaring traffic's boom, in the silence of your lonely room, Beauty Climate proposes to watch over you. The original of the line, Coty's Moisture Veil, the one with the Filtrum, is a durable moisturizer by day, a healing, sleepable-with cream by night. Its five companions in its climatizing work start with Nutramoist Conditioner, complete with a do-goodnik called Allantoin to skim off dead tissues and to wear overnight if possible, although a half hour during the day should produce visible results. A cleanser with same Allantoin gets into the soil-napper pockets. A gentle toner chases after excess oil, residual cream. An eye cream frowns on squint lines. A peachy masque pulls a face together one-time, two-times, or three-times-a-week. . . . A go-around at disappearing into the Beauty Climate does not seem inadvisable.

She must be doing something wrong

Deodorants aggravate her. Ruffle her skin's composure. She is one of those women who, although they don't add up to a majority, do make up a small percentage of the whole. Have uncomfortable relations with deodorants. Possibly have a funny little allergy. . . . Number of companies have come up with, for them, deodorants that screen out all known nuisance-makers, and Almay was right there years ago with Cheq, a hypoallergenic roll-on deodorant that gave nobody, to our knowledge, any trouble. So—it is particularly happy news that Cheq is now presenting itself in spray form, unscented or scented. A pleasant shower of chill, packed with that notorious anti-bacterial agent, hexachlorophene, the spray may just righten many ticklish deodorant situations.



Love Thy Neighbor's Child . . .

MARIA ROMERO. ECUADORIAN. AGE 7. One of four children. Father day laborer. Mother washerwoman. Combined income $22 per month. Barely able to survive. All undernourished. Sad child, has had smallpox and whooping cough. Now suffers from parasites. Lives in poorest, unhealthiest quarter in small, miserable house. Hardly any furnishings. No facilities. No sewage. No water. Family struggles to send children to school. Parents deeply distressed for children they cannot feed and clothe adequately. Help to Maria means help to whole family.

You or your group can become a Foster Parent of a needy child. You will be sent the case history and photo of your "adopted" child and letters from the child himself. Correspondence is translated by PLAN. The child knows who you are. At once he is touched by love and a sense of belonging. Your pledge provides new clothing, blankets, education and medical care, as well as a cash grant of $8 every month. Each child receives full measure of material aid from your contribution. Distribution of goods is supervised by PLAN staff and is insured against loss in every country where PLAN operates. **Help in the responsible way. "Adopt" a child through Foster Parents' Plan. Let some child love you.**

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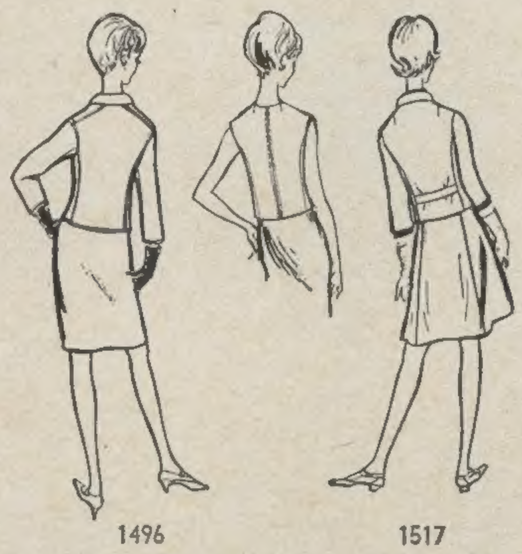
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Flutter of feathers

Dressing gown with ostrich ruff



Night-warming robe of puffed white quilting, light as feathers, delicious here topped with them . . . a fluttery ruff of white ostrich feathers that curls around the neck, ties in a bow on one shoulder. The robe—long, narrow, buttoned in brilliants . . . sleeves barely touching the wristbone. Robe, of Dacron, nylon, and silk, about $25. Ruff, about $10. Both by Eve Stillman. At Lord & Taylor; Woolf Brothers. The coiffure by Hugh of Aurélien Lintermans.



Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 110-111; other views, yardages, details)

Far left, centre: Stone-grey suit, with a bias-front blouse of white capeskin. Vogue International Couturier Design 1496. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards of 54" fabric without nap; blouse, 3 medium leather skins. $3.00. In Canada, $3.30.

Near left: Shadow-checked beige suit—optional bias inner collar and cuffs for a mock blouse; ¾-length sleeves; wide bias skirt. Vogue Paris Original Model 1517. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 3⅛ yards of 54" fabric without nap. $3.00. In Canada, $3.30.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

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